This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

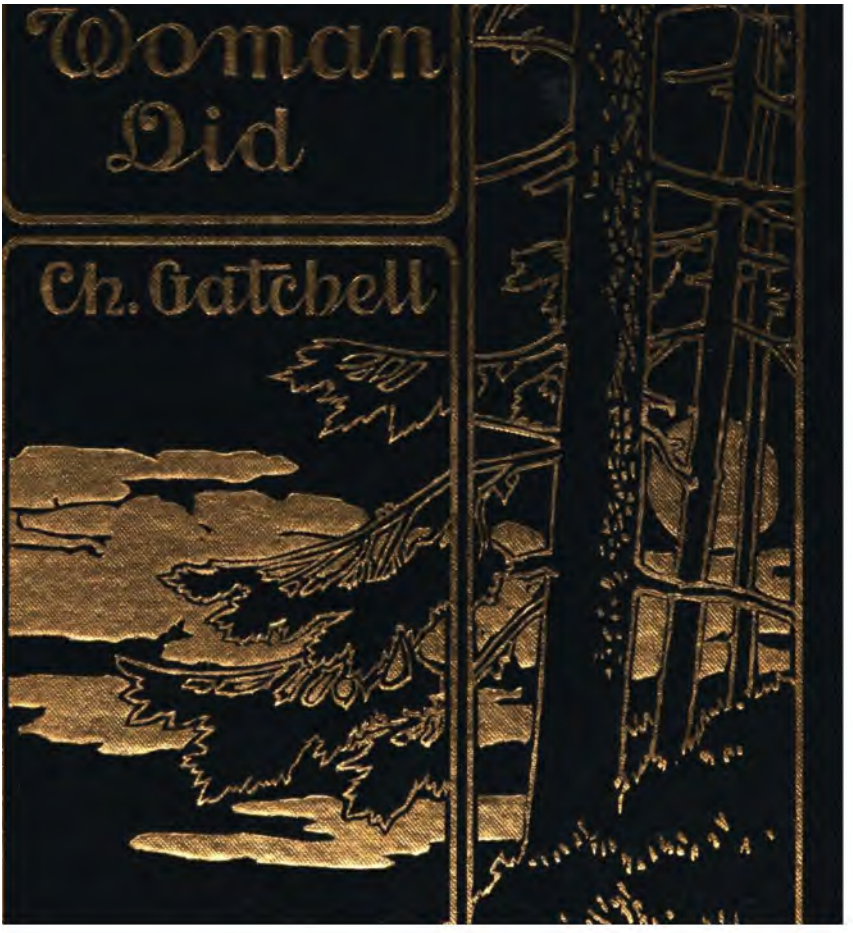
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


Woman
Did
Ch. Gatchell

LABORARE
EST
ORARE
(To Work is to Pray)
EX LIBRIS
S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF
NEW YORK

To
Mr. L. W. Knopf
with the compliments of
the author —

NBC
Gatchell, C

WHAT A WOMAN DID

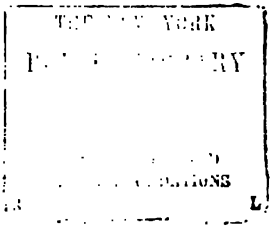
GATCHELL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

HASCHISCH. A NOVEL. BY CH. GATCHELL (THOROLD KING). CROWN, OCTAVO. PAGES, 315. CLOTH, $1.00.

THEY SAY. BY CH. GATCHELL. A BOOK OF APOTHEGMS AND APHORISMS, EPIGRAMS AND WITTICISMS. 150 ILLUSTRATIONS. OCTAVO. PAGES, 137. $1.00.

ERA PUBLISHING COMPANY

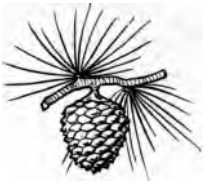


"I SPENT MANY HOURS
SEATED ON A ROCK
PRETENDING TO FISH."

WHAT A WOMAN DID

By

Ch. GATCHELL



MDCCCC

ERA PUBLISHING COMPANY- CHICAGO

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
202655B

COPYRIGHT
ERA PUBLISHING CO.
1900

TO THE

MEMORY

OF MY

Mother

WHOSE

TENDER LOVE

IS A

PERPETUAL BENEDICTION

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	FULLY AS MUCH GOOD	15
II.	I HAVE IT ALL PLANNED	22
III.	A SYMPATHETIC CREATURE	27
IV.	NOTHING COULD BE NICER	32
V.	THE HORSE AUCTION	37
VI.	TAMING THE TIGER	47
VII.	GLAD HE ISN'T BALKY	52
VIII.	I FELT COURAGEOUS	60
IX.	THE RULE OF THE ROAD	69
X.	A CORRECTED CALCULATION	82
XI.	A FEATHERED WARBLER	101
XII.	PROBLEMS DOMESTIC	113
XIII.	PROBLEMS SCIENTIFIC	125
XIV.	A RAINY DAY	134
XV.	A NIGHT OF TERROR	143
XVI.	"HE TREATED US ON DE SQUARE"	161
XVII.	ACROSS THE GREAT RIVER	174
XVIII.	AN EXCITING ADVENTURE	184
XIX.	I FAINTED AGAIN	194
XX.	THE BANKS OF THE ST. CROIX	204
XXI.	CAMP INDIAN POINT	218
XXII.	THE FISH MARKET	228
XXIII.	CONSTANT CORRESPONDENCE	240
XXIV.	"LOOKS LIKE A CIRCUS"	248
XXV.	A MODEL REFRIGERATOR	260
XXVI.	TRAILING ARBUTUS	267
XXVII.	SPRING CHICKEN	274
XXVIII.	INDIANS AND BERRIES	284
XXIX.	HOMEWARD BOUND	297
XXX.	KNOCK OUT THE WALLS	307
XXXI.	FIVE YEARS AGO	316
XXXII.	DO YOU UNDERSTAND WOMAN?	323
XXXIII.	I AM CONTENT	331

ILLUSTRATIONS

"I spent many hours seated on a rock pretending to fish" ..... FRONTISPIECE
"A white-sailed vessel on the water and two gulls flying near" 62
"Through Kenosha's maple-shaded streets we passed its natural park" 89
"The cunningest little fellow that ever wore curls" 105
"We took luncheon seated on a convenient log by the roadside" 107
"Beneath a spreading oak we found an inviting spot." 114
"Through a beautiful evergreen-bordered lane" 127
"We saw the Peck's summer villa" 128
"Where Lac la Belle pours its waters into the lake below" 144
"Gyp pricked up his ears and listened" 174
"We visited the Wisconsin's rocky dells" 176
"I was seated in the stern with baby at my knee" 179
"The little craft came rapidly down the narrow channel" 181
"Its two tall stacks outlined against the sky" 188
"Acres and acres of logs" 189
"The belated moon lifted its forehead above the distant tree-line" 192
"We saw a boat from out in the stream come up to the landing" 195
"Another hill was topped by a great bare rock" 196
"From our lofty eyrie we saw the abode of man far below" 197
"Our eyes ranged over many miles of winding river" 199
"A floating palace majestically moved down the stream" 205
"The white-shirted man in the pilot house looked down upon us" 209
"The little town of Hudson on the banks of the St. Croix" 210
"Watching us from his doorway" 213
"In its picturesque little glen with rushing stream and silvery cascade" 214
"Ample signs of its destructive visit" 215
"Outside the open door an old man was cleaning a gun" 218
"We got our first view of Indian Point" 221
"John caught me napping" 229
"I see you, John," I called 231
"Here's your breakfast, little one," 234
"Oh, John!" I cried, "something is pulling at my line" 237
"I strung the fish on a line suspended between two catalpas" 239
"The miracle of creation unfolded before our eyes" 240
"Near by were four sleek-looking cows" 249
"Bronco stationed himself beside the fence and gazed after me far down the road" 255
"A small stream mingled its waters with those of the lake" 260
"Where the water fell over a wall of rock into a pool below" 262
"My way led through a quiet path in the birch woods" 270
"It was a camp with white canvas tent" 275
"As I was quickly passing he glanced up" 277
"Drifting lazily on the water beneath the cloud-hung August sky" 288
"The old Boer and the Boer's wife" 290
"Many miles we made together on our metal steeds" 313
"One of the prettiest places in all Kenwood" 317
"A short voyage by water" 333
"With daisies in his hands" 334
"Little sister" 335

WHAT A WOMAN DID

CHAPTER I

FULLY AS MUCH GOOD

"John, what does the doctor say?"

"He says that I must go to Colorado."

My heart almost stopped beating. I felt a great lump in my throat and the tears came into my eyes.

John and I had been married almost three years. Baby was just twenty-three months old — the dearest little fellow that ever lived! We were both as contented and happy as people ever get to be. And to think that our little home must now be broken up, that we must again be separated and, worst of all, that John was threatened with — well, that night I nearly cried my eyes out.

John wouldn't go to the doctor till I urged him. He said it was nothing — only a slight cold — he would be over it soon, and all such talk. But I didn't believe it. He had been coughing about the house for almost eight weeks — not very hard, only a slight hacking. But it didn't stop,

NYPL

as he said it would. And then I noticed that his appetite wasn't as good as usual and he got tired easily and his color changed — though his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were brighter than I had ever seen them.

Well, as I say, that night I nearly cried my eyes out. I didn't let John hear me. I can cry quiet, and I did.

But I had something to do besides crying. I had to think. I lay awake until long after midnight turning things over in my mind just like arranging a bureau drawer. There were a thousand things to think of. With John away, what should baby and I do? When I married John I vowed and determined that I would never go back to mother's, and I was bound to stick to that! John always said that I was a determined little creature, and I always liked to hear him say it. Well, ma had no business objecting to my choice just because John didn't have money. She had to admit that he was all right in every other way. I was tickled to death when I made her acknowledge it! And I married John just to prove it — and because I thought lots of him.

Well, I thought for hours and went over lots of

ground, but somehow or other it always seemed to come around to the same point every time.

In going away John would have to stay at least a year. The doctor said so. He couldn't take me and baby with him for the few hundred dollars we had managed to save in our first three years — the flat to furnish and baby coming, and all — wouldn't keep him half that time, to say nothing of me and baby. And what would be the result? John would be worrying about us, and we — at least I — should be worrying about him, and long before it was time the money would be gone and he would have to come back and — well, that's the point that I would come around to every time.

Finally it made my head swim and I must have fallen asleep for when next I opened my eyes it was morning and my head was clearer for I could think straight. A thought came suddenly into my mind that seemed to fit right into the bare place. It came with all the refreshing sense of relief that one feels when the dentist takes the rubber dam from one's mouth.

I didn't move. I just lay and listened to it. It must have been soothing for I fell asleep again, quietly, and it was late when John wakened

me and said that the maid whistled through the tube that breakfast was ready to serve.

I sprang up, for I had intended helping to make John's coffee that morning — but it was nice, anyhow. It was a beautiful morning and the sun came in our dining-room window in spite of the chill outside and the sparrows were twittering on the ledge and baby was good and I chattered all through meal time and talked of everything except John's health. When John had gone out of the door I called after him and held baby for him to look at and smiled and kissed my hand and closed the door and went back and set baby on the floor and threw myself on the couch and buried my face in the pillow and cried as if my heart would break — as they say.

Supposing my plan shouldn't work!

When eleven o'clock came I put on my furs — it was a chill April day—took the elevated and went down town to see the doctor.

His office was in one of those great buildings that seem to be just full of doctors. It makes me think of a big department store run by doctors. You can go from one department to another and get any ill attended to, all under one roof. When I pay for a prescription I half ex-

pect to see a little cash-girl with checked gingham apron and two lean braids down her neck rush back with the change, and if my time is limited and I am compelled to hurry off without my parcel I am prompted to tell the office-girl to say to the doctor that he may send my tonsils home by first delivery.

When I found the doctor I asked him all about John, and he told me. I didn't comprehend all that he said, but I managed to make out that John's lungs were affected — at least one of them was — and in what came up with the cough the doctor had found some of those little things that make it sure.

Then he said that John must go to Colorado.

"For how long?" I asked.

"Two years, at least," said the doctor. "One year to get well and another to confirm the recovery."

Then he told me all about altitude and climate and lots of other things that I have read about in the Sunday papers scores of times but never paid any attention to before.

When the doctor got through talking I asked him if anyone ever got well of John's trouble without going to Colorado.

"O, yes!" said he. "Why, it is believed that

about one person in three, sometime during life, has some such trouble and recovers from it."

"Without going to Colorado?" I asked.

"Certainly," said the doctor; "one-third the population doesn't go to Colorado."

"Well," said I, "do you think it would do John any good to go away off there all alone live in a stuffy old boarding-house have no one to lay out a fresh collar for him every morning get homesick and worry about me and the baby?"

"No-o," said the doctor. "No-o."

He said it rather slowly.

"Then why do you propose sending him?" I asked.

"Because," replied the doctor in a tone of animation, "that's the best climate in all the world for anyone so affected. When I was young I had a trouble of this kind myself. I went there and got well."

"But did you give up a good position in a railroad office and have to economize and leave behind a wife and a beautiful baby?"

"O, no! Bless you, no!" exclaimed the doctor. "I was quite young and perfectly free."

"Well, that's different," said I.

Then I asked him if I hadn't read somewhere that people could get well in the same climate in

which they got sick, and that the most important thing was to live in the open air and sunshine and get up an appetite.

"Very likely you have," said the doctor, "for it is all true. Out-door life — out-door life! That's the thing. Fresh air and sunshine and a gratified appetite — these are worth more than medicines or doctors or all the contrivances in creation. Now, a camping trip ——"

"That's just what I came here to talk about," said I, interrupting. "Do you think that a camping trip up in Wisconsin during the spring and summer months would do John as much good as it would for him to go to Colorado?"

"Fully as much, if not more ——" began the doctor.

I didn't take more of the doctor's time, knowing that he had other patients waiting. But as I was about to leave I paused a moment and turning said:

"You are quite positive, doctor, that it would do him fully as much good?"

"More — more ——"

The next patient approached the door as I thanked the doctor and started off.

I stopped at one other place down town and then went home by the Indiana line.

CHAPTER II

I HAVE IT ALL PLANNED

When I reached home I could scarcely wait for evening to come. I busied myself in packing away some bric-a-brac, straightening the closets and doing some sewing. It was after dinner before I opened my mind to John, though I had been crazy to begin from the instant he entered the door. When baby was asleep and we were seated before the blazing gas-log I said —

"John, I've got it all planned."

"Got what planned?" he asked.

"About your going to Colorado."

"But I am not going to Colorado," said he.

"That's what I mean — about your not going?"

"Well, that's easy," said John. "I've had that planned for the past three years."

"But you don't understand," said I. "I've got it planned so that you won't have to go at all."

"Well, that's very nice of you, dear. Now let us say no more about it. I am somewhat tired to-night. Has baby been good all day? What have you been doing?"

I saw that I couldn't get John to help me out, so I just scorched right ahead.

"John, you are to go on a camping trip up into Wisconsin with me and baby."

For a moment John didn't say a word. He just looked at me in dumb amazement. Finally he said:

"How do you figure that out?"

"Why, don't you see?" I asked. "In order to get over this little cough you've got you must live in the open air — that's what all the doctors say — and eat, eat everything, and so, instead of going away off to live in a stuffy old boarding-house in Colorado you are to go camping up North with me and baby, and in the fall you are to come home perfectly well just as if nothing had ever happened."

"But, my dear child!" exclaimed John — I always loved to have John call me his dear child — "This is impossible. In the first place, it is not necessary, and then, we can't afford it. Think what it would cost! A thousand dollars, at the very least, with the outfit and all; and you know we haven't got that much. And there'd be the rent to pay on the empty flat, and I'd lose my position and come back poor as a church mouse,

and even more homeless. I can't think of such a thing! So, let us drop the subject."

"Well, John," I said slowly, "it does seem a great undertaking, the way you look at it. But, you see, I've got it all planned. The 'outfit,' as you call it, won't cost more that fifty dollars, and I've got someone, at least I shall have, to take the flat all the time we're out of it, and our expenses while away won't be half as much as they are here at home, and when you return in the fall you can go right back into your old position. So, there now!"

John was silent for several minutes as if arranging in his mind the statements I had made. I didn't break in upon his thoughts. Finally he asked:

"How do you know I can go right back into my old position?"

"Mr. Lyford, the general manager, told me so," I replied.

"Mr. Lyford told you so! When?" asked John, looking up quickly.

"When I was down town this noon," I said.

"You went to see him?"

"How else could he tell me? I talked it all over with him and told him what the doctor said ——"

"You went to see the doctor, also?"

"Certainly! And after I told Mr. Lyford that I had it all planned he said that you could have a long vacation, from now until fall, and then you could come back to the company, for he said you were too valuable a man to lose and I told him that's just what I thought."

John sat in silence for a long time, his gaze fixed upon the fire. When he spoke, without looking up he said slowly:

"Well, dear, I don't see but what you have got it all planned."

I said nothing.

After another and a still longer pause John added:

"I surrender — I surrender! I know I would have to do so in the end, therefore, to save time, I capitulate. Now," he concluded, again looking up at me, "what do you want me to do first?"

I don't know whether I cried or laughed. I think I did both. I hadn't expected him to give in under a quarter of an hour, or maybe a half, so when he said, "Well, dear," I knew that I could have my own way and I just felt so happy over it, and knowing that John was going to get well — it was too much! But then, I had my arms about his neck all the time from where I said, "with

me and baby," and that's why it didn't take longer. But John always was good to me, and so attentive! Didn't change a bit after marriage. If I dressed my hair a little differently or put on a new ribbon or a bit of lace, when he'd come home he'd be sure to notice it and speak of it and come up to me and — O, if men only knew how much women appreciate — what contentment and happiness! — O my!

There, I believe I'm becoming foolish.

CHAPTER III

A SYMPATHETIC CREATURE

The next morning, after John had gone to the office to straighten out matters so as to be able to leave them, I put on my things and went over to see Madge Irving. Madge and I used to go to school together at the Hyde Park High. Now she's taking a course at the Chicago University — going to become a teacher.

I found Madge in her room getting ready to start for school. She was surprised to see me so early in the morning, and well she might be for it wasn't often I got out before noon. But it wasn't far, only over on Calumet and Fifty-first, one block from the corner of Grand Boulevard, where we were. Madge lived in a boarding-house along with a half-dozen or dozen other co-eds. When I said that I had something to tell her she replied that she could give me half an hour and not lose a minute.

Then I told Madge all about our going camping to get rid of John's cough, and how we would

manage it, and all that, and she showed the deepest interest and asked a thousand questions, and besides made one or two suggestions that were really quite clever, and I told her so. She entered into the spirit of the thing almost as if she were going herself. But Madge always was a dear, sympathetic creature, and she would make any sacrifice in the world for a friend, especially for me, ever since I gave that hint to Joe Bagley that saved Joe from making a fool of himself.

Well, after I'd told Madge all about it and asked her opinion she said that she thought it a capital plan and I ought not to let anything in the world stand in the way of carrying it out. I thanked her for her interest and told her how much I appreciated it.

Before going I said to Madge that I wondered if she wouldn't like to join with two or three other University girls and take our flat while we were away. Her face at once assumed a puzzled expression, and so I explained.

"This is the way it will be, Madge," said I. "Here you are in this boarding-house, which isn't a bit home-like, and you have to take things just as they come. And they don't always come to suit. You will pardon me, I am sure, dear,

but, as you know, I lived in this way myself for two years. Now, just supposing you take the flat and have three other girls join you. What it costs any one of you to live will almost pay the rent — hot water, heat and lights, you know — and what it costs the other three will more than keep all four. So, you see you'll be money ahead, and besides have just what you like to eat, and all my silver and china and rugs and linen and plenty of room and a lovely time and — don't you see how nice it'll be, Madge?"

Madge hesitated for a moment, and then she said:

"But the other girls ——"

"O, I've got it all planned," said I. "Why not ask your friend, Celeste Webster, who took dinner with us when you were up last winter? Then there is the MacBride girl — that's her name, isn't it?"

"Kate MacBride," suggested Madge.

"Yes, Kate MacBride, and Florence Rice," I added. "She's awfully good company.

Madge didn't say a word.

"I'll tell you what to do," said I. "All of you come to luncheon this noon, and we'll talk it over. You'll see the girls at classes and instead

of scattering for luncheon, all of you come up to the flat. I'll be ready for you at one o'clock. Will you come, dear?" I asked.

For answer Madge just put her arms about me and kissed me in the same old way and said she'd be sure to come.

I hurried back to baby.

At one o'clock they all came and I had luncheon ready — chicken salad, muffins, Neufchatel cheese, angel-cake, marmalade and tea and chocolate ice cream. They enjoyed it ever-so-much, or said they did, and after luncheon I showed them the kitchen and the refrigerator and china-closet and bath-room and linen-press and the beds, and then I let them see baby, and they all went wild with delight.

Well, it didn't take long to arrange matters just as I had it planned. The MacBride girl, especially, was truly enthusiastic — I thought she would be! — and in less than half an hour it was all fixed and the girls had to hurry off to school.

When John came home he was more tired than usual so I didn't bother him asking questions or telling my plans. After dinner — he didn't eat very much, I noticed — I gave him the paper and let him read in the big chair.

Later in the evening when I saw that something was troubling him I told him that I had the flat rented. He brightened up in a moment and asked how it happened. I told him all about the luncheon party and he smiled and said I was a great schemer.

It always pleased me to have John say I was a great schemer.

CHAPTER IV

NOTHING COULD BE NICER

John went to the office only part of the next day. He came home early "ready to begin," as he expressed it.

The very first question he asked after I had helped him off with his coat was:

"When we go away what will you do with the dog?"

"O, we'll take Gyp along, to be sure," I replied.

At this Gyp pricked up his ears. He always knew when he was the subject of remark.

"He'll be a valuable acquisition," observed John. "Now, how about that outfit?" was the next question. "It'll take half the money we've saved to get out of town."

"I don't believe in any such extravagance," I replied. "Now, just listen to me, John. We want a horse and we want a wagon; but the one needn't be Star Pointer nor the other a chariot. I read in the papers that next week the Indiana avenue line is going to change from horse to

trolley, and they're to have untold hundreds of horses to sell. Babe Everett's father says they'll go as cheap as dirt, any price you want to pay. And he says there are some real good ones among them, good enough for anyone to drive. I've been noticing them lately, ever since Babe told me, and there are some real beauties, and Babe says they are all city 'broke.' I saw one when I was coming home on the Indiana car yesterday. It had a white nose, large brown spots, and not a thing the matter with it but the tip of its right ear gone ——"

"Oh, that's a broncho!" exclaimed John.

"Yes, that's what the driver said its name was," said I. "I was on the front platform after passing Thirty-ninth and I asked him, because the horse attracted so much attention. It was a lovely animal, and so proud and spirited! It wouldn't let anyone come near it. The driver said it has lots of endurance and comes of a very tough breed."

"Yes, I have always heard they were tough," remarked John.

"How nice!" said I. "Just what we want! I'll watch the papers and let you know the date of the sale."

"Thank you, dear; I'll look out for that," said John. "Now, how about the wagon?"

"O, I've got it all planned," I replied. "Our janitor told me that his brother before going to Manila used to be in the express business and he left his wagon to be sold on a debt. This morning while you were down-town I went over to Cottage Grove and Forty-seventh to look at it. It's in a shed back of a harness store. It's just splendid! — couldn't be better if it were made for us. It is painted brown and has a step behind so you don't have to climb, and a large box and arched hoops going over the top, and a waterproof cover. Nothing could be nicer. I told them to send it right over.

"O, you've already bought it?" questioned John.

"No — yes — that is if you like it. They wanted twenty-five dollars for it, but I told them we'd give fifteen if they'd throw in the old harness — I never pay what people ask for second-hand goods — and I am sure they'll take it for they hustled it right over within an hour and it's down in the court now where we can see it. Come to the back porch and look," I concluded.

John went without saying a word. After tak-

ing what he called a "bird's-eye view" of the water-proof cover we both went down and examined the wagon. John agreed with me that it could easily be fixed up and would answer our purpose admirably.

Before night we had made arrangements to have the wagon put into a vacant barn just across the alley, where it was to be kept while it was being remodeled and until we were ready to start.

Then we began what John called "active operations." For a week we were right busy. John did most of the work — he always was handy with tools — and had a carpenter only one day. I helped John much of the time and told him how I wanted it, for I had it all planned from the instant I laid eyes on the wagon over at Cottage Grove.

The "berths," as John called them, were just splendid. The box of the wagon was deep and wide and on each side were extensions that reached out over the tops of the wheels. Everything was made as snug and as handy as could be. The front seat was on hinges so that it would tip back, and under it was a box divided by a partition in the middle. One side was to be devoted

to the horse. It would hold a whole bushel of oats and still leave room for brush and curry-comb and nose-bag and fly-net and extra straps and any other little things that we chose to put in it. It was a sort of a "Too-late-to-classify" receptacle, as the newspapers say. The other side was to be a wood-box and tool-chest. It would hold any quantity of kindling-wood, already cut, and a hatchet and wrench and box of axle-grease.

When all was done we had a travelling van of which any gypsy family might well be proud.

CHAPTER V

THE HORSE AUCTION

The next thing to be had was a horse.

John had been so busy working on the wagon that I didn't suppose he had given the matter the slightest thought. But in this I was wrong. In the evening when I mentioned the subject he said:

"Yes, dear, I shall make it my first task next week to buy a suitable animal."

"But you will let me go with you?" I asked. "I should so love to do so!"

"I don't know yet where I shall go," replied John. "You have been very helpful, dear, and in what we have already done I don't see how I could have got along without you. Your suggestions, your advice, and, I may say, very often your initiative, have been wonderfully effective. But when it comes to buying a horse — why, don't you think, dear, that it would be a little more appropriate to leave that matter entirely to me? Now, don't you?"

"O, yes, certainly," said I. "I wouldn't interfere for anything, John. But I would so love to look on! May n't I go with you?"

"Go with me?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To the stock-yards."

"I didn't say I would go to the stock-yards."

"But, John, I've set my heart on going to the stock-yards. In all the time we've lived in Chicago I have never been there, and I have always so much wanted to go. Only a few weeks since I read all about it again in the Sunday paper, how they sell a hundred horses a minute, or something like that, and — O' — may n't I go with you, John?"

"Well, dear," replied John, "if you insist ——"

"O, no, I don't insist," said I quickly. "But I only want to go and I can't give it up."

"Then I shall have to tell you that I have other company engaged," added John.

"Other company?"

"Yes. Mr. Farrell, the liveryman, stopped at the barn yesterday as I was working on the wagon and when I told him that I intended buying a horse next week he very kindly offered to

give me the benefit of his judgment in selecting a sound and serviceable animal. I at once accepted his offer, knowing how easy it is for one not accustomed to such buying to be deceived. So, if you still think that you would prefer going I shall make no further objection."

"Prefer going? Of course I do!" I replied. "It is very nice and lovely and all that of Mr. Farrell, and a great advantage, I am sure, to have the benefit of his experience and judgment. It is real good of him. I am the more anxious than ever to go. I want to see the great horse-auction that I have read so much about."

Thus it was arranged that the next Monday I should go with John and Mr. Farrell to see them buy the horse.

Sunday was a welcome day of rest. We had both worked so hard through the week that we were quite fatigued. John, especially, felt it. It was a new experience for him. Although the change from office work and the more active life should have done him good yet I fear that he overworked, for he would come in from his afternoon's labor almost too tired to eat. His cough still troubled him and I was more anxious than ever to get away from the city.

For this reason I was up bright and early Monday morning, though I let John sleep later than usual.

At half-past nine Mr. Farrell came and together we all started. The trolley soon whisked us over to State street where we transferred to Root, and in thirty minutes we were at the great arched entrance to Chicago's famous cattle mart. I was astonished. Only thirty minutes from home to the "Yards," as Mr. Farrell called them. I could scarcely believe it. I had supposed that we would have to ride for miles. I don't believe half the people in Kenwood realize how near the "Yards" are, not even when a southwest wind compels the closing of windows.

On walking a short distance we entered an immense building with a dome roof and a tanbark ring, having raised seats like a circus. There were many men standing about and many others in the seats. An auctioneer was on a raised platform at one side in a little pagoda looking like a small bandstand.

At the moment we entered a team of magnificent horses was being rushed into the ring. The animals were hitched to a red-wheeled vehicle. The man who held the lines sat on a

high seat with whip in hand and drove rapidly back and forth over the tan-bark way, making a graceful turn at either end. As the team would speed in front of the stand where stood the noisy auctioneer the group of men in the arena parted to either side, forming a narrow aisle through which the horses dashed.

It was but a few minutes before the auctioneer, having started by calling "Five hundred dollars," soon was crying "Eight hundred. Nine hundred. Nine-fifty — seventy-five — a thousand — if I hear no more — sold!"

I turned to John and told him that we must have come to the wrong place. He went and spoke to Mr. Farrell, who stood in the arena, but the latter only shook his head and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

As this was taking place the horses that had been sold were quickly run out on the farther side, while from the opposite entrance there was driven in a large and beautiful bay hitched to another red-wheeled cart. The horse was a perfect picture, with arched neck, high-stepping feet and gracefully flowing tail.

As the magnificent animal was driven rapidly back and forth all the men stood aside in silent admiration.

The first bid was nine hundred dollars. Rapidly the bids ran up to twelve-hundred, thirteen-hundred, and then more slowly to fifteen. Now, fifty at a time, it climbed with many vociferous comments on the part of the wordy auctioneer, until finally he cried —

"Sixteen-fifty. Sold!"

"Who bought him?" asked the crowd.

"John Dupee," said the auctioneer.

I beckoned to John, and as he approached my seat I whispered:

"Don't you think we'd better go, dear?"

John only shook his head, said "No," and returned to Mr. Farrell, but failed to take me into his confidence.

Soon, however, I saw the cause for this delay. Now, from one of the large doorways, amid the crack of whips and much commotion a number of attendants rushed in with horses of another class. They were not hitched, having on only the halter by which each one was led, and with manes braided and tails done up in curious fashion in red flannel.

These horses, in pairs and singles, were sold much more rapidly than the others had been. The first bid would quickly be followed by one

or two more, when the auctioneer would come down with his hammer and cry, "Sold!"

The scene almost made me dizzy. The prices paid were far below what had been received for the stylish animals of the earlier part of the sale.

As one horse after another was rushed in I could see John turn to Mr. Farrell, as the two stood in the arena below, but each time the latter only shook his head and they waited for the next animal to enter.

I began to think that we had come upon a fruitless errand. I felt sure that had it been for me to do I could have bought a dozen horses in the time that we were there. I saw several lovely animals, and I felt like rushing out and putting my arms about their necks, for I always dearly loved horses.. The prices, too, were becoming very moderate, quite within our means. One horse that looked to me like a very good one sold for thirty dollars. It was just the least bit lame, but maybe that might be cured.

As the many horses rapidly came and went, every time that John appealed to Mr. Farrell the latter only shook his head.

Finally, as I was about despairing that we should ever have a horse, two men came rushing

in leading between them a spirited animal that they could hardly hold. It had a white nose large brown spots on its sides and the tip of its right ear was gone. It was so spirited that it would stand almost erect and paw the air with its front feet.

I recognized it the instant I saw it. I clapped my hands and I think I must have exclaimed aloud for at that moment the auctioneer looked right over at me as he said:

"How much?"

Before I thought I said:

"Ten dollars."

That was all the money I had at home.

The auctioneer said nothing but:

"If I hear no more — sold!"

With that he struck the desk with his hammer.

As they were rushing in the next horse a man with a pencil and a small book in his hand climbed to where I was seated and said:

"Name, please."

I just pointed to John, who, it seemed, from where he stood had witnessed the whole transaction, though it had all taken place so quickly that I suspect he didn't know exactly what had happened.

But now John came up to me with a look of inquiry on his face and I told him that I had bought the horse.

"But, dear," said John, "it really will not do. Mr. Farrell says that of all the horses that have been shown it is the last one that we would want. He says it is a very undesirable animal, and quite hard to manage."

"But, John," said I, "I quite fell in love with that horse the first time I ever saw it."

"The first time you ever saw it?" repeated John.

"Yes, on the Indiana car."

A great light came into John's eyes. But he didn't say a word. He just went back to Mr. Farrell. In a few moments he returned. I knew from his expression what he was about to say, so I began:

"Now, John, dear," I said, "I know you won't ask me to give up that horse. You must indulge me just this once, won't you, dear? I've bought it with my own money, you know, and it'll be my horse."

"But Mr. Farrell says it is perfectly unmanageable. No one can do a thing with it. It will be perfectly useless — worse than useless — it will

cause no end of trouble. And then, as you know, I brought Mr. Farrell with me ——"

"Yes, John," I interrupted, "it was perfectly lovely of Mr. Farrell to consent to come, and I wish you'd tell him so for me. But, John dear, I really did bid on the horse and the auctioneer sold it to me in good faith and you know I never go back on a bargain. So, what else is there for me to do, John dear, but to keep the horse?"

John made no answer to my last question. He turned slowly and went back to Mr. Farrell saying something about a "bargain."

Soon we returned home. The horse, led by two men, was brought before dark and put into the barn.

CHAPTER VI

TAMING THE TIGER

Soon after breakfast the day following our visit to the horse auction John put on his hat, took the elevator and went down to the barn. In about ten minutes he returned. The first words that he spoke were:

"Well, what do you suppose your horse has done?"

There are so many things that a horse might do that I didn't attempt to guess. I asked John to tell me.

"Well," said he, "the animal kicked his stall all to pieces and broke his halter. He acts as if he owns the barn. He wouldn't let me come within twenty feet of him."

"Why, what would he do?" I asked.

"O, nothing; that is, nothing much," replied John. "He would only wheel about and throw his hind heels at me."

I put on my hat and started for the elevator.

"Where are you going?" asked John.

"To the barn," said I.

"But, dear, I really cannot permit you to do so," remonstrated John. "It is absolutely dangerous for any human being to enter that barn. I shall send for Mr. Farrell to bring over all the men he has got and try to secure the beast before he wrecks the entire structure.. Now, don't go, dear. Please don't."

"John, you know I have great regard for your wishes and I wouldn't for the world go contrary to your commands. But I feel as if I must see that horse. You shall go with me, you know. Maybe I can think of something you didn't. You weren't afraid of him, of course? They say animals know when people are afraid of them."

"Your suggestion, dear, does you great credit," replied John; "but you forget that I have had some slight experience with horses, even if I did invite Mr. Farrell ——"

"Yes, so lovely of Mr. Farrell, too. I shall never forget his kindness. But, John, I didn't mean to hurt you. Now, we won't say another word about it, but I do want to look into the window of that barn and see what the horse is doing. May n't I, dear?" I asked, as I started for the elevator.

John went with me at once. He always was good in letting me do as I wanted when I asked him right.

In a few minutes we were at the barn. By standing on a box I could see in the window, which, though barred, had a pane broken out.

The interior of the barn presented a scene of wild confusion. It was just as John had said. The stall into which the horse had been put the night before seemed to be gone. Pieces of board and kindling wood were everywhere strewn about the floor. The horse, with a short strap of his halter dangling from his neck, was off in a corner glaring suspiciously at our heads in the window.

"What has he been doing?" I asked.

"O, just amusing himself a little," replied John.

"O, John," said I, "there is a plank with a big, rusty nail in it sticking right up straight. Supposing he should step on it. I have always heard that it is very dangerous for a horse to get a nail in its foot."

"You are perfectly right, dear," said John. "However worthless the animal may be we must not expose him to such torture. If you will stand at the door I will sneak in and remove the plank."

We went to the door. John unlocked it, opened it cautiously and stepped inside. As he removed the plank the horse ran to another corner, nearer me. As he did so I swung the door wide open, entered the barn, walked right up to the animal and patted him on the neck. For a moment John gazed in dumb amazement, but not without fear for my safety. He did not hesitate an instant, but started at once to come to my rescue.

"Don't come, John," said I. "Stay where you are. I am awfully fond of horses and he seems to know it. Besides that, I am sure that at some time this horse has been terribly abused by a man, and he makes no individual distinction."

All this time I was patting the animal on the neck and running my fingers through his mane. Finally he put his nose down on my shoulder.

"John," said I, "won't you please get for me a measure of oats? He wants his breakfast. He is hungry."

John did as I requested, though not without many expressions of misgiving. I went across the barn for the oats, sprinkled a little salt over them and returned to my charge. The poor fellow ate the oats ravenously, I holding the measure, and when he had finished we were better

friends than ever. I hugged his great head to my breast, patted him, looked into the depths of his big brown eyes and kissed him on the forehead. He seemed to understand it all and rubbed his warm nose against me in grateful recognition. Then I led him across to the water-tub and gave him a drink. After that, with a rope that John gave me, I fastened him in the place where his stall used to be and he plunged his nose into a great mass of hay and in a most contented manner began eating.

"There, John," said I, "is your horse."

"Not mine," said John; "he is yours. I never saw anything like it! I want neither the property nor the responsibility. You bought him, you have tamed him, and he is yours. You are a perfect little witch."

I always dearly loved to have John call me a perfect little witch.

CHAPTER VII

GLAD HE ISN'T BALKY.

At last the day came. It had taken a little more than two weeks to make our preparations, which was twice as long as I thought it would when we began.

We were to make an early morning start. Two of the girls, Madge and Florence, came and staid all night and took early breakfast with us. In this way they learned where everything was kept.

John went down to harness the horse while I lingered to show Madge how to manage the range so as not to waste gas. Soon the bell rang and someone whistled up the tube. I answered. It was John.

"Well, what is it?" I called.

"The horse," replied John.

I didn't wait to hear more. Madge picked up baby and Florence my wraps and together we went down to the barn.

John was in trouble. The horse wouldn't let him come near with the harness.

"Wait, John," said I. "I think you are on the wrong side."

"Every side's the wrong side with this beast," said John. "I've tried both sides, and front and rear. There are no more sides left."

"Wait a moment," said I.

I went up to the horse. He lowered his head, which he had been holding high in the air. I put my arm over his neck and stroked his ear.

"Now try," said I.

John swung the harness over the animal's back and drew every buckle tight. Then I led him under the shafts while John held them up and soon the harnessing was done. I was proud of my part for it was the first time in my life I had ever helped harness a horse.

We led the horse out of the barn and John closed the doors. Then he helped me up into the seat and climbed in himself as Madge handed me the baby. We said good-bye again to the girls and started. I hugged baby tightly in my arms.

I don't know why the tears came into my eyes, for really I was happy.

Soon we turned on Grand Boulevard and headed northward. Our journey through the city was without incident, save one. We had not

gone far when a Park police rode up on a big, iron-gray horse and called to us. John stopped.

"You'll have to get off from here," said the officer.

"What's the matter?" asked John.

"No traffic teams allowed."

"This is no traffic team."

"Looks it," said the officer.

"Appearances are deceiving," said John.

"How's that?" asked the officer.

"We have nothing to deliver and nothing to sell," replied John. "We need everything we've got and want more."

"What's your game, then?" again inquired the officer.

"Pleasure party," said John.

"What?" asked the man.

"Camping trip," said John.

The officer stroked the neck of his horse with the handle of his whip and appeared thoughtful. He glanced at me and baby, then at Gyp, who had followed behind the wagon, muttered something about "gypsies," put spurs to his horse and galloped off with a wave of the arm that meant to us that the way was clear. We drove on.

At Thirty-fifth we turned into Michigan. The

horse behaved beautifully and jogged along at a quiet trot, quite justifying my confidence.

As we drove down the long avenue John was quiet, baby was asleep, and I seemed to be in a dream. I thought of the many times I had ridden its length in close carriage wrapped in furs or opera-cloak, with my lap full of roses. I recalled the night at the Charity Ball, the dance, and the music, and the gay crowd that filled the brilliantly-lighted Auditorium. And then, very, very late, my cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and, with my train in my hand, I was led to the entrance. A light snow was falling. The street was full of carriages so closely packed it was like a herd of curious animals with big glaring eyes. The attendants called out numbers and one by one the carriages picked their way to the curb. Finally ours drove up. The door was opened, I was helped in, he sat at my side, the door closed with a whang, and off we started. Up the long boulevard we went, the wheels crunching the complaining stones. The window on my side was open and the cool air blew gratefully over my hot cheeks. I felt a hand clasp mine ——

"O, John! What are you doing?" I cried. "You are on the wrong side of the street. You

nearly ran into that carriage. What has happened to you?"

"I was thinking," said John.

Soon we passed the Art Institute, with its sentinel lions, passed the Post-office, the Public Library, and were at Rush street bridge. Here was a terrible jam of carts and wagons and trucks and I thought we would be crushed before getting through. How badly the city needs a ready avenue of communication from South Side to North! I trust it may come some day.

Our course took us past the elegant mansions of the North Shore drive and into Lincoln Park. There we got our first breath of the fresh, life-giving air we had set out to find. It was early spring. The trees were beginning to bud and the grass already showed new growth. The breeze was off the lake, but not as chill as it often is in the earlier months. I noticed John, again and again, deeply inspire the ozone-laden air from off the pure water, and from that moment I felt convinced that our mission was not to be in vain. But I said nothing.

Baby was now wide awake and gazing in wonderment at the unusual surroundings. He, too, felt the inspiration of contact with a new world

and was crowing and lisping and laughing and making merry as only a baby can.

Soon we were without the confines of the Park, making our way along Sheridan drive — past Ravenswood, past Edgewater, farther and farther from the great busy city and into the dust-free air of the North.

About the middlle of the forenoon as we were moving at increased speed along the quiet road a wheelman appeared in the distance and rapidly approached. As he drew near and swept to one side to pass us he sharply rang his bell. At this instant Bronco came to a dead stop, so suddenly as almost to hurl us from our seat.

John jerked on the lines and reached for the whip, an article of our outfit which I had consented should be added purely for purposes of ornament.

"O, John, don't touch him with that!" I cried. "I am sure he'll resent it."

"You mean he'll kick," said John.

"Yes, that's what he did on the street-car. You must try persuasion. Speak to him."

John clucked and chirruped in the most approved style, but still Bronco never moved.

"What's the matter with the beast?" asked

John, appealing to me as if my ownership conferred intimate knowledge of all his intricate moods.

"Is the harness all right?" I asked, hoping to find tangible cause for such inexplicable conduct.

"I see nothing wrong with the harness," said John, peering from side to side. "I believe he's balking."

A cold chill came over me. I had heard that a balky horse was a perfectly useless animal, and awfully hard to cure.

"Do you think so, John?" I asked.

"Do I think so? O, no! I don't think so, but I know so. What's he doing now?"

Though full of trepidation this last question set me thinking, and suddenly it all became clear.

"John, I'll tell you what he's doing; he's waiting for the starting bell."

"The starting-bell?" repeated John.

"Yes, don't you remember the wheelman who passed us a moment ago?"

John looked at me for an instant and then we both laughed.

"True to his instincts!" exclaimed John.

I climbed down, went to Bronco's head, led him a few steps and then got into the seat again.

I was tempted to hand John a nickel, but my act seemed sufficiently to satisfy one condition of street-car travel and the horse started off without further trouble.

"If this thing is to be repeated," said John, "when we get to Evanston I'll add a bell to our outfit."

"I'm glad he isn't balky," said I.

CHAPTER VIII

I FELT COURAGEOUS

Not long after the incident on Sheridan road the noon hour came and we stopped for our first rest and our first meal. It was just beyond Rogers Park. We left the main line of travel and drove on a cross-road that took us to a high bluff overlooking the lake. It was a level spot, sparsely grown with small oak trees. There was not a house in sight. There we stopped and dismounted. John spread a blanket on the ground and in its center I placed baby, who regarded the proceedings with wondering interest.

Our first attention was given to the horse. He was freed from his harness, which was hung upon the shafts.

"John, what is the first thing to give him?" I asked.

"Water," said John; "and there is not a drop in sight.'

"Why, John," said I, "there are oceans of it."

"You mean the lake. I mean any that we can get at," said John.

"Wait a few minutes," said I.

I tied the horse to a tree and gave him a handful of hay to nibble.

The hay-rack on the wagon was one of the triumphs of our outfit. John and the carpenter fixed it. It was at the rear of the wagon, under the box. The steps, with which the wagon had been originally provided, were altered and readjusted with hinges so that they would turn up out of the way. Then, under the end of the box, was suspended a rack, about the size of a small trunk, made of narrow strips of oak. The rack was just of a size to hold a small bale of hay. To protect the hay from the dust of the road the rack was lined with canvas and had a curtain of the same material suspended in front and fastened down with hooks. Thus, whatever the exigencies of travel, we were never to be without a supply of fodder for Bronco.

After securing the horse I took Gyp with me and started to explore, in order, if possible, to find a way to get to the water.

First I went to the edge of the bluff to view the lake. The sight was so beautiful that I yielded to the temptation to make first use of my camera. I went back to the wagon and got it and, return-

ing to the bluff, caught a white sailed vessel on the water and two gulls flying near.

A little to the north of where I stood I saw the mouth of a deep ravine and knew there must be a way to reach it. I had not far to go. Beyond a line where the oak trees grew more thickly was the edge. Down its sloping sides was a trail which gave evidence of having been used by man and beast for many years. I returned and led away the horse, which, by mutual consent, if not of necessity, it was agreed was my peculiar charge. To the end of his halter-strap I tied a piece of rope which lengthened it by several yards. Thus equipped, and with Gyp for additional company, I started. Leading Bronco, I made my way back to the ravine and down the steep and winding trail. At its mouth the sandy beach was broad and gently sloping. The water was stirred by a light breeze and there was a bright, warm sun for so early in the season. Looking up at the edge of the bluff, I saw John, with baby in his arms. We waved to each other and the baby kicked and called. Bronco, held by his long tether, waded out to the end of the line and there he drank with his nose plunged deep, but jerking his head up at intervals as he would

" A white-sailed vessel on the water
and two gulls flying near."

pause in his drinking and try to breathe. Then down his nose would go again for another long draught. Gyp, all excitement, barking furiously, scampered back and forth along the water's edge frantic to get at Bronco and yet fearful of wetting his delicate feet, the one animal carousing in water, the other coquetting with it.

I was not long in returning to "camp," as we called it. John already had the stove set up and a brisk fire going. This stove was a marvel of convenience, compactness, and serviceableness. I bought it one day during our out-fitting period at McCumbrey & Wood's great supply house. The stove was made of heavy sheet-iron. It had two holes, and an oven of fairly good size. The pipe was in sections, so arranged that it could be drawn out, like a telescope, and again closed and put into the oven for packing away. When we were through with a meal and ready to break camp and continue our journey, in order to empty the ashes John would upset the stove, a method which was convenient and effective, if not picturesque.

The stove was stowed, as John called it, in a tight box made for the purpose and securely fastened under the wagon-bed at the right side,

midway between the front and rear wheels. The box had a tight-fitting door that let down on hinges. Whenever we stopped it was but a moment's work for John to take out the stove, set it up, and start a fire with dry kindling, of which we always managed to keep a plentiful supply in the box under the seat in front.

Soon I had a kettle of boiling water, and a pot of coffee was quickly made. Then I fried some potatoes which I had brought from home already boiled, and these, with biscuit, warmed in the oven, some devilled ham from our stores, and some marmalade, made a luncheon fit for a king. A bottle of milk and a small one of cream, helped supply baby's wants and provided for the coffee.

Our feast was spread beside the wagon, and under our canopy. This canopy was one of the triumphs of our outfit. I made it myself—hired a woman to help me. It was a large square canvas made so that it could be attached by one edge to the wagon-top, up near the "roof," as I told John when I planned it. It was held by a series of fasteners, running from front to rear along the bowed arches. The outer edge was carried away from the wagon, like an awning. At the outer corners were set two slender poles,

which were guyed by ropes attached to stakes driven into the ground a short distance away. This canopy afforded an ample roof over our heads which would keep off sun or rain.

On the ground was laid an "art square" of canvas, thick and heavy, which had weathered many a lake storm as a vessel's sail before being thrown out of commission and cut up so that a piece of it might do service as a mat to the earth for our out-door dining-room. This article of comfort I secured from Babe Everett's farther, who, among his many other possessions owned several vessels on the lakes.

My sewing-table, with its under-folding legs, which we had brought with us, served now to dine off of. Some folding camp-chairs, including one especially designed for baby, completed the stock of our furniture. Of table-cloths I had plenty, cut up from old ones. The dishes and knives and forks and spoons came from our stock at home. Not a thing was lacking to render our comfort complete and to supply every want.

When the table was set, the napkins placed and the luncheon served it was really a tempting sight. John ate with hearty relish, as I had not seen him do in months. He said it was worth all the labor

of the past weeks to come north and discover such an appetite. As he made this remark I helped him to more potato, and recalled what the doctor said about his eating.

After luncheon I washed the dishes and John wiped them. John always was good at helping me in such ways.

After a short rest we decided that it was time to "break camp," as John called it, and move on. I unfastened the ropes of the canopy, while John took down the poles. It was not necessary to remove the canopy, for it was so arranged that by rolling up the lower edge part way it could be fastened against the side of the wagon. The dishes I packed in their box and this was set back in the wagon. Then followed the folded furniture, and the canvas mat in a long, tight roll. The stove, the frying-pan and other utensils were secured in their box beneath the wagon and all was done. It took scarcely ten minutes to complete the packing.

So long as I assisted Bronco made no objection to his harness, and soon we were again on the road.

We drove slowly in order to favor Bronco, and because we could thus the more thoroughly en-

joy the novelty of our new mode of travel. Gyp ran on ahead of the horse, occasionally scampering back to look us over as if to see if all were well. The baby was asleep in his hammock. It was not long before I saw that John, too, was becoming drowsy. At my urgent request he too consented to take an afternoon nap. Poor fellow, he needed it, for I knew he was tired, for, except Sundays, it was many months since he had been able to indulge in such luxury. We stopped at the roadside while I got out a pillow and prepared his "berth." When he had exchanged his coat for his loose woolen jacket and laid himself to rest he declared that he was as comfortable as ever he was on the couch at home. I assured him that Bronco and I would take good care of the wagon and proceed quietly and carefully.

Soon after starting up again John, like the baby, was fast asleep and I could hear his regular breathing. I drove slowly and turned out for the smallest stone so as not to disturb the sleepers.

Now, for the first time in two weeks I was alone with my thoughts. My heart was full. The grave importance of the enterprise upon which I had started and the responsibility I had assumed came upon me with full force. The welfare of the

two beings who, of all on earth, were nearest and dearest to me seemed to be entrusted to my special care, even as at the moment, while they slept, their safety was in my keeping as I drove along the edge of a steep bank below which was a railroad track and in the distance a fast approaching train.

But I felt courageous and hopeful. I did not falter.

CHAPTER IX

THE RULE OF THE ROAD

John slept for almost two hours. When he awoke he groped his way to the front, rubbing his eyes which were blinded by the bright glare of the afternoon sun, still two hours high. Climbing into the seat he took the reins in order to drive while I went back to baby, from whose hammock now came sounds which indicated that he, too, was waking from his afternoon nap.

While I was engaged in my task the wagon suddenly came to a standstill. I looked forward between the parted curtains in order to discover the cause.

The middle of the road along which we were driving was worn, as country roads so often are, by parallel ruts corresponding to the two wheels. In the entire width of the road there was little more than comfortable room for two vehicles to pass one another. When I looked ahead I saw standing squarely in front of Bronco, their three noses almost touching, a team of bay horses

hitched to a wagon on which was a large load of hay. High on the load sat the driver of the bay team.

At the moment I looked out the farmer called to John:

"Hi, there, stranger! In the kentry whur you come frum don't they never turn out fer a man with a load?"

"I tried to turn," John called back, "but couldn't make it. He only turned his head but kept right on in the track. He's used to it."

"Durned cur'us," said the farmer. "My hosses allus turns when I pull on one line."

"Yes," said John, "that's the usual order of things. But this is different. This is an exception."

"Well, I don't giv' a durn what it is if ye'll jest get out o' my way. Up here in these diggin's a man gen'rally turns out fer a load o' hay in a narrer road. 'Tain't like it is down 'n Injianny."

Disregarding this delicate slur and knowing that the man was in the right John said something to pacify him and promised as prompt action as conditions would permit.

"Can't we turn to the side, John, if I go to Bronco's head and lead him?" I asked.

"No use, dear. We are too close. The horses are rubbing noses now, getting acquainted with each other."

"Then back up a short distance," I suggested.

John turned his head and looked gravely at me. Then, in a low tone, but with an expression that I was inclined to resent, he said:

"My dear, your horse never before wore a breechen. He doesn't know what it is, or how to use it. It would be disastrous to experiment. You know horses don't back the kind of carriage that he has been used to hauling."

I said nothing but glanced at Bronco's harness and then at the load of hay.

"Well, what are yer goin' ter do?" called the man, evidently concluding that the conference had lasted long enough.

John turned to me with an inquiring glance.

"It is plain enough, John. We must back up in the same manner that they back the kind of carriage that Bronco has been used to hauling," said I, with a tinge of irony in my tone.

John looked dubious.

"You and that man," I continued, "must go to the rear wheels and back the wagon while I am at Bronco's head to guide him."

John instantly got down from the wagon and approached the man on the load.

"You see it's just this way," began John; "this colt that we are breaking" — the man smiled; I'm sure I saw him do so — "hasn't got used to the breechen yet. I think it'll take several more lessons. Meanwhile, we have to humor him a little. Now, if you'll be kind enough, in case your team will stand, to come and help me back the wagon we will soon be out of your way and give you the whole road if we can manage it."

The man, who was really a good-natured fellow, readily assented. As he climbed down from his lofty seat he said:

"O, yes! My team'll stand. No trouble 'bout that. Come; I'll giv' ye a lift."

I set baby in the seat with a strap about him securely fastened, while I went to Bronco's head. It was not difficult for John and the farmer to back the wagon, more especially as they managed to get it clear of the shallow rut which gave them the advantage of backing it down-grade on the sloping side of the road. This they did until there was space enough for the load of hay to pass, though in the end our wagon was tilted as far as safety would permit. The baby would have

been tumbled out but for the strap that held him tightly. All the time I was at Bronco's head, who made slight objection to his halting retrogression.

As the farmer returned to his load he glanced towards the wagon and, raising his hat, said:

"Pretty baby, mum."

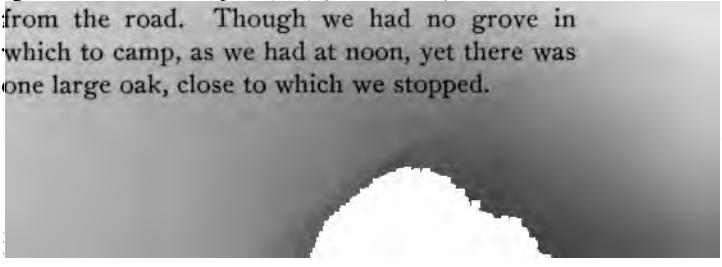
I smiled and felt well repaid for the interruption.

When the farmer had regained his perch, as his load brushed by John shouted a word of thanks while Bronco, swinging his head to the side, grabbed a generous mouthful of hay.

After resuming our journey we had not gone far when I suggested to John that, since it would be our first night out it would be well to go into camp early so as to give us ample time to become familiar with our unaccustomed arrangements. To this he readily assented and turned the horse at the next cross-road.

This time we went to the west, so as to avoid proximity to the lake during the night.

A short drive brought us to a very inviting spot. It was a dry knoll a short distance back from the road. Though we had no grove in which to camp, as we had at noon, yet there was one large oak, close to which we stopped.



It is strange what company there is in the presence of even a single tree. The great creature seemed to have a spirit which was made glad at our coming. It seemed to have been awaiting us—to have sent out a card of invitation in response to which we had come. Sturdily it spread its protecting branches. I felt its silent welcome and ran right up and kissed its shaggy bark.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked John.

"Greeting our host," said I as I turned to help him with the horse.

The first thing to do was to water Bronco. Up the road a short distance, on the opposite side but in plain sight, was a white farmhouse, a low and squatty building, though in appearance neat and well kept. To one side was a large barn. Towards this I made my way. The baby was contentedly seated on his shawl, while John was getting out the stove. Gyp, by means of collar and chain, was made a prisoner. It would not do for him to go where he might meet others of his kind. I took with me a covered two-quart pail, hoping to get some milk.

In a few minutes I was at the farm. A narrow lane, guarded by a gate, led from the road to the barn. I made my way past the gate and up the

lane. When opposite the house a woman appeared at a side door, which stood open. She was short and fat and comfortable looking.

"May I water my horse?" I called.

The woman looked off at the wagon where John was at work, and then back at me.

"You'll find the pump behind the barn," said she. "Help yourself."

I made my way to the end of the lane, passed another gate, and then went through a barn-yard densely populated by pigs and chickens and colts and calves. They all gave us a wide berth, however, and let me lead my charge unmolested to the pump. With a dozen sweeps of the handle I filled the wooden trough that set beneath the spout and Bronco drank freely of the fresh water, unmindful of that which I continued to pump upon his nose.

When I returned to the lane the woman was still at the door. Stopping at the fence, where there was a stile, I held up my pail and calling asked if I could get some milk.

"Hitch your horse and come in," she directed as she disappeared from the doorway.

I readily obeyed and, crossing the stile, was soon at what proved to be the kitchen door.

Within, everything was bright and scrupulously clean. There were shining tins, shining table, and shining floor. The stove, with a bright fire in it, and on top a boiling tea-kettle, belching steam, was like new silver in all its nickel trimmings. I entered and took a proffered chair.

"Ye don't belong in these parts," said the woman, with rising inflection, by way of opening conversation.

"No, just passing through," said I. "Do you keep cows?"

The woman glanced at the pile of tins on the table before replying.

"Got twenty. Send milk to the city."

"How interesting! Then you will let me have a quart, won't you?" I asked, at the same time proffering the amount that I would have paid in the city. She insisted upon handing me back some pennies in change, saying:

"Ye kin have it at farm price. That's all the dealers pays. If ye'll wait a few minutes my boy'll be in with some fresh from the cows, or ye kin have mornin's milk, ef ye don't mind waiting."

As she was speaking a young man entered the door carrying a large tin pail full of fresh milk, the foam still on the top.

"Here, Will," said the woman, "fill this pail."

"But I paid you for only one quart; the pail holds two."

"Don't matter; I ain't pertikler 'bout the measure when folks comes and gets it."

With that the young man filled my pail to the brim and replaced the cover.

As I arose to leave a stray chicken poked its head in at the open door. The woman shook her apron, and "shooed" it in approved style.

"Maybe you could let me have some eggs," I suggested.

"All ye want," said the woman, opening a closet door and revealing two baskets filled high with this product of the farm-yard. "These top ones is fresh—laid to-day," said she, taking up three in each hand. "How many'll ye have?"

"That'll be enough, this time. But what shall I carry them in?"

For answer the woman produced a stout paper bag from the recesses of the closet. She carefully placed the eggs in this and twisted the mouth of the bag into convenient shape for carrying. The few coppers that she was willing to accept in payment seemed to me ridiculously small. I lingered a few minutes to gratify the good creature's amia-

ble curiosity concerning our short sojourn "in these parts." At the door she said:

"Ye kin have butter in the mornin', ef ye want. We've plenty of everythin'. New grass is comin' on and the hay left over is more than we kin use. My man took a load to Evanston at noon to sell it to the barns. He'll be back shortly," said she, glancing at the lowering sun. "Ef he kin get ye ennythin', don't be backward to ask."

With many expressions of thanks I hastened down the path and back to camp. To John I gave an account of my experiences, to which I added the fact that we were encamped on the property of the man with the load of hay.

I found a nice fire in the stove and at once began preparations for our evening meal. We had it arranged always to carry a jug of water in the wagon. I made use of this while John, with our tin water-pail, went to the farm-house for a fresh supply.

Not long after John returned I served dinner. We had sirloin steak—from the market at Evanston—potato, mashed, and with plenty of rich milk, and such a variety of other things that our small table would scarcely hold them. All, including baby, ate with hearty appetite. We had the awn-

ing up, the canvas "art-square" on the ground and the furniture all out.

When the things were all cleared and the dishes done the sun was below the horizon and it was gradually becoming dark. We at once began making preparations for the night. The horse was tied to the big oak tree, his halter-strap being fastened to a stout rope that twice encircled the trunk. Here he was given a plentiful supply of hay, which he leisurely ate.

It did not take long to dispose of baby, whose regular bed-time was already at hand. The hammock was one that I made myself. The sides and ends were high, to guard against any possibility of its occupant's crawling out. In the bottom was a soft feather pillow. The hammock was swung in the middle of the wagon, the ropes that suspended it being attached to the front and the rear bows that supported the top. At each point of suspension there was some heavy rubber tubing, twice doubled, fixed in such manner as to act as springs and thus take off the jolt when the baby was sleeping in the daytime while we were on the road. We had already had opportunity to learn that it served its purpose perfectly. In this swinging bed I soon had baby laid away and tucked in

with his blankets and quilt as snug and warm as ever he was in his crib at home.

The night was cool, as they always are on the lake shore even in the hottest summer months. For two hours after baby was asleep John and I, with comfortable wraps about us, sat by the stove, the brisk fire in which kept our feet as warm as toast. Then, as John expressed it, we too "turned in." John's berth, along one side of the wagon, was a fixture, while mine, on the other side, turned up out of the way during the day. Both were covered with long, soft cushions that I had made myself from an old hair mattress. John's side could be raised and when this was done there was disclosed a long, deep box divided into three compartments. In one of these, during the day, the pillows and bed-clothes were stored away. The other two were our "trunks," one John's and one mine. In these were packed an abundance of clothing suited to all kinds of weather and all kinds of climate. In John's there was plenty of room besides for extra linen and our store of towels.

When bedtime came our couches were made up with soft blankets and a warm comfort, inviting to the rest which we both felt that we needed.

Underneath the wagon Gyp was made to lie on the very rug that had always been his resting-place at home. He was left free at night to roam at will and we felt sure that the alert and watchful fellow would give noisy warning of the slightest approach of danger.

When all was ready, imagining greater security, like the draw-bridge of an ancient castle we raised the steps at the rear. Then we closed the curtains and lay down, as I hoped, to pleasant dreams.

John, poor fellow, tired as I knew him to be, was soon asleep. For a while I lay awake listening to Bronco munch his hay and to the breeze stirring the few brown leaves that still clung to the oak. Once baby was restless and I reached out my arm and gently swung its hammock, thinking as I did so of the Indian mother and her babe, and so thinking I dropped asleep.

CHAPTER X

A CORRECTED CALCULATION

The sun was almost an hour high when we let down the draw-bridge and emerged from our castle. I am sure I would have arisen earlier but for an interruption to my rest that occurred in the night.

It must have been about four o'clock when I was awakened by John's coughing-spell, from which, at home, he had suffered each morning for several weeks past. A few minutes after I first heard the cough I spoke and told him that I wanted him to drink a glass of warm milk. He replied that he thought it would be a very good plan if such a thing were possible, but he doubted the advisability of going to all the trouble its indulgence would involve. He ended by advising me to go to sleep. A few moments later I was at his side. I placed in his hand the desired glass of milk, as warm as if it had just come from the cow. John was full of wonder to know where I obtained it.

"Drink it," said I. "I'll answer all your questions in the morning. Now go to sleep."

John did as he was told. He coughed no more, and soon we both were sound asleep again.

In the morning I led the horse to water, as I had done the night before, and on my return found everything ready for the preparation of breakfast. We had omelette, creamed potato, toast, and coffee with richest cream. As we were eating, his curiosity still alive, John asked:

"How about that glass of warm milk in the night?"

"If you must know I'll tell you," said I. "The bottle of milk stood in a pan of water in the oven as we were toasting our feet last evening. I brought from home a cozy that fits right over the tightly closed bottle. Then the last thing before we went in I wrapped all in a blanket and placed it where I could get at it in the night. The milk was almost as hot as when I laid it away."

"It's a great scheme," said John. "And it saved me from my sweat, the first time I've missed since they began. I slept as warm and snug as the baby must have done and feel like eating the earth," he concluled as again he passed his plate for omelette.

"The doctor told me that he recommended a glass of warm milk for all his patients under such circumstances, and I thought I'd try it for you," said I.

Gyp was fed with the remnants from breakfast, and Bronco had already eaten his portion of oats and hay.

As we were making our preparations for departure we caught sight of a sun-bonneted figure coming down the road from the direction of the little white farm-house. Slowly the woman approached our camp as she climbed the knoll. I took a few steps to meet her.

"My man told me," she began by way of greeting, "that ye had a pretty baby here and I come in hopes that I might see it. I can't get fur from the farm much, an' I hain't hardly seen a baby sence Will was in arms."

I gave the good woman a seat and, by keeping near, induced the baby to remain for some time contentedly in her lap. It was truly touching to see her motherly interest, awkwardly but tenderly expressed. She spoke real sensibly to the child, which is rare, for there are few people who can talk to a baby and look intelligent at the same time.

Finally the woman kissed baby, as she might her own child, and reluctantly put him down. Rising and glancing up the road she said:

"Well, now I must go back to the house."

But before starting she placed in my hands a neatly wrapped parcel, saying:

"When Will was killin' chickens early this mornin' I tole him to pick out a spring fer you. I dressed it an' here it is. I'd feel obleeged ef ye'd take it."

Fearing to offend by offering pay, it seemed as if I conferred a favor by accepting the well-meant gift. In return I gave the woman a copy of a late magazine, which seemed to please more than gold could have done.

"My man says as how ye mus' drive up to the barn before ye go an' fill yer rick with hay. An' I know ye'll want more fresh milk fer the baby."

Our promise to accept this generous invitation seemed greatly to please her and she started on her way.

We soon followed. I opened the lower gate to the lane while John, with baby in the seat at his side, drove slowly up as I walked. The farmer was waiting, with the upper gate open so that our wagon might enter the yard and make a turn.

John got out of the wagon and laughingly renewed the acquaintance begun the day before on the main road. At the barn our partly depleted hay-rack was filled to bursting. On our return, half way down the lane the woman was waiting at the stile. I was compelled to get out my two bottles which she filled with morning's milk "for the baby," as she said. Being forbidden to make any return for this, I was enabled to complete a transaction on a business basis by going with her to the kitchen and getting a roll of golden butter and some more eggs. I also asked her name, and, at her solicitation promised faithfully to stop should we come that way again. I would have been glad to tarry longer but, returning to the wagon, John and I bid them good-bye, compelled to resume our journey.

I should like to have seen the woman when, a week later, she received the tintype picture of the baby which I mailed from a small Wisconsin town. In the letter which accompanied it I tried to express our pleasant remembrance of her interest in our little one.

When we reached the main road we turned the horse to the northward and soon were well on our way. Bronco went over the ground at a rapid

rate and the tonic morning air was fresh and invigorating. Our driver's seat had a high back, well upholstered, and we were almost as comfortable as we would have been in any of the trains that passed in one direction or the other at frequent intervals, for our road for miles was always in sight of the steel track. Bronco paid little attention to the rushing monsters, his city life having made him familiar with every noise and apparition that the art of man could devise.

Some distance beyond Fort Sheridan at a turn in the road we suddenly came to the brow of a long hill where the road went down and then up again through a ravine. I laid my hand on John's arm and called to him to stop.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked John.

"The horse is not used to a breechen; he doesn't know what it is, or how to use it," I said.

John smiled at hearing his own words repeated. After studying a moment he said:

"Well, let's get out and see what's best to be done. It is so level about Chicago that I never once thought to have a brake put on the wagon."

I went to Bronco's head. While I had much confidence in him, yet I never let him stand alone for an instant while the baby was in the wagon.

John looked at the wagon and then surveyed the surroundings.

"I have seen them," said he, "under conditions of this kind tie a log or even a small tree behind the wagon and let the horses drag it down the hill."

"But there is no log or small tree in sight," said I.

"We might wait for one to grow," suggested John.

"John," said I, suddenly, "I have a thought!"

"Out with it," said John.

"Why not tie the hind wheels, so they won't go 'round?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed John. "Why didn't I think of it?"

With a rope on one side and the halter-strap on the other John at once put the plan into execution. I then led Bronco and the wagon scraped all the way down the hill. After loosening the wheels we still walked in going up the other side. At the top we climbed in and Bronco started off at a rapid trot.

When we stopped at noon, a short distance beyond Waukegan, we had for luncheon some delicious fried chicken.

Our afternoon ride was uneventful. Towards

evening we approached Kenosha, but were compelled to go into camp south of the town, where we found a favorable spot in a grove of immense oaks. Here we staid all night.

"Through Kenosha's
maple-shaded streets
we passed its natural park."

After breaking camp in the morning we drove into the town. Through Kenosha's maple-shaded streets we passed its natural park. With its many busy factories the place looks like a New En-

gland village set down on the shores of Lake Michigan. As we were about to pass the big wagon-factory before crossing the river, I said:

"John, supposing we ask if we can't have a brake put on the wagon? There must be many hills where we are going."

"Do you think," said John, looking at the group of immense buildings, "that a great big factory like that can stop to tinker one lone wagon?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said I. "But, John, you might try."

"That's true," said John. "I might try. To please you, dear, I'll do so."

I took the lines while John got out and went into the doorway of a large brick building. Soon he returned in company with a man whom he called "foreman." This man, who was short, heavy-set and coatless, had the sleeves of his muslin shirt rolled up above his elbows displaying a pair of stout and brawny arms. He was rapid in all his movements and his sharp little eyes snapped in unison with his quick and jerky ways.

"Want a brake, eh? Ho! That's the wagon! But what have you been doing to it? I'd scarcely know it?"

"How's that?" asked John. "Seen it before?"

"Ought to. I'd know it in China. All of 'em has to pass me. It's a 'Bain,' — made in these shops. Scrape several coats of paint off the hind axe and you'll see our mark, all right. But what are all these fixin's you've got on it?"

John explained the nature of our journey.

"O, I see!" said the man. "You've made a sort of an ark — asking your pardon, sir — out of our 'No. 1 Express.' That's what we calls them. It's a splendid wagon for the purpose. I'll answer for that. But what's this box here, under the body? O, you keep your stove in there? Well, I don't think it'll interfere, but if it had been set an inch further back no brake could go on, unless, indeed, we moved the box forward, and I see you've got it on tight with bolts. But, as it is, I can set a brake on there in less than an hour, seeing it's our wagon, otherwise couldn't do anything for you. All you've got to do is to say the word."

John "said the word," and the man directed us to drive to the rear of the building. There we stopped and took Bronco from the shafts. Two workmen, summoned by the busy little foreman, were soon at work on our "ark" and it really was

less than an hour when the job was done, for the parts were already made, as if they had been especially prepared and held for our expected coming.

When all was done and John had returned from the office, where he went to make payment, we got ready for our start, feeling much security and satisfaction in the new attachment to our "ark," as the little foreman had apologetically called it.

While we were engaged in putting the horse to the wagon the foreman very kindly undertook to lend assistance, but Bronco, although after several days' association he had become somewhat tolerant of John's presence, still retained his violent aversion to mankind in general. At the man's well-meant effort the animal put back his ears and viciously resented the interference, so that it was necessary for me quickly to intervene in order to prevent really serious consequences. I made apologies for Bronco's bad conduct and explained as well as I could. The man very politely accepted my apology but at once increased his distance from the horse.

When John and I were again in the seat, with baby between us ready to start, the man said:

"You people that live in Chicago don't know what a hill is. It's all dead level. I know — lived on the West Side a while. There's lots o' Kenosha people in Chicago — the Englishes, Head, and Parish, and Goffe — no, Goffe went to New York — and a whole boat-load o' others. But that's nothing to do with hills. You'll find plenty up where you are bound. The first one you'll strike at Pike Creek, beyond the Sanitarium, a mile north o' town. But your brake'll work, I'll guarantee that. Well, so long!"

With a wave of his hand he left us and we drove off.

We found the hill at Pike Creek and several more beyond. At each one our new brake worked to perfection. The pressure of John's foot upon the rod would bind the hind wheels so that they would scrape all the way down a hill, and it was no longer necessary for us to dismount.

Again we went into camp early. After the evening meal, and when baby, sound asleep, had been laid away in his hammock, John and I built a great bonfire a short distance from the wagon. Our camp was in a grove of trees, maples, oaks and towering elms. There was an abundance of wood to be had, chips from the woodman's ax

and one fallen tree whose brittle branches we could readily break. With little labor we soon had a crackling fire which sent showers of sparks shooting upward into the darkness like an army of escaping fire-flies.

John stretched his hammock between two convenient trees and, well protected with robes and a blanket, for the night air was chill, he kept himself gently swaying by pulling at the low-hanging bough of the tree.

With a heavy ulster about me I was seated at our little table as near to the fire as it was safe to get. I had paper and pencil and was busying myself with some calculations which I had been wanting to make ever since leaving the city. This was my first opportunity and I eagerly took advantage of it. The light afforded by the flames of the camp-fire being too unsteady to permit me to use the pencil with ease I lighted my acetyline lamp, which I had brought with me together with a plentiful supply of carbide, to be used on such occasions as the one which now demanded it.

It was some time before John noticed what I was doing. Finally he let his hammock come to rest and turned his face towards me. After a few moments he asked:

"What are you doing, dear?"

"Book-keeping," said I.

"What's it all about?"

"I'll tell you in a moment, John," said I. "Wait until I add up this column of figures."

I hastily finished my calculation and wrote down the amount.

"I told you, John," said I, "that we would get out of Chicago on less than fifty dollars, and we've done it," I added in triumphant tones.

"Well, let's hear how you did it," said John.

From the moment that we made the first purchase of the wagon I kept a strict account of every expenditure connected with our outfitting. In the midst of the labors attending our final departure I had not time to put it all in shape so as to know exactly how it came out. But I had saved every bill and every ticket from the stores. My first opportunity to figure it all up came that night while seated by the camp-fire where we had stopped between Kenosha and Racine. Then I made a complete list, including every item, with the exact amount set opposite each. When John asked to see the result I got up and walked over to where he was lying in his hammock and handed the paper to him.

"There, John," said I; "look at that!"

John took the paper and held it so that the light of the fire would shine upon it, while I resumed my seat at the table.

John studied the paper quietly for some time. Finally he asked:

"How much less than fifty dollars did you say, dear?"

"I didn't say," I replied. "But if you will look at my figures down there in the corner where I have added it all up you will find that it is just fifty-two cents less than fifty dollars."

"I think you have made a mistake, dear," said John.

"How is that possible!" I exclaimed. "I am sure that I have omitted nothing."

"That may be," said John. "But there is an error in your footing. Take another piece of paper and put down the items again as I call them off, then we'll each have a copy."

I did as John requested and as he called I wrote down this list:

One wagon (and harness),	$15.00
One horse,	10.00
Paint for the wagon,	.78
Paint brush,	.29
Lumber for wagon,	1.70
Carpenter (1 day)	2.00
Nails,	.17
Shoeing Bronco,	1.50
Repairs on harness,	.75
Canvas for awning,	2.68
Woman to help me (3 days),	3.00
Rope,	.24
Tacks,	.05
Hay (2 bales),	.90
Oats (1 bushel),	.32
Axle-grease,	.22
Fly-net,	.87
Horse blanket,	2.50
Whip,	.41
Camp-stove,	3.90
1 small kettle,	.38
Iron spoon,	.10
Small baking-pan,	.28
Hatchet,	.49
2 hammocks,	2.05
	$49.48

When he had called off the last item John asked:

"There, dear, how much does that amount to?"

"Forty-nine dollars and forty-eight cents," I replied. "Don't you see it on your paper?"

"Yes, I see it," said John. "But I regret to have to tell you that you have made an error of one dollar in your figuring. If you will run up that column again you will find that the amount is fifty dollars and forty-eight cents. You didn't carry enough over."

"O, is that so, John?" I exclaimed. "I am so disappointed! I wanted to manage on less than fifty dollars and I thought I had done so. It is really too bad."

"You can run up the figures again and see that it is right," said John.

"O, no, it takes me too long. You are quicker at figures than I am and I don't need to go over it again. Isn't it too bad, John?" I asked.

"It is if you feel that way about it," replied John. "But if I were you I wouldn't mind it for a moment. What difference does it make?"

"To me it makes all the difference in the world," I replied. "You know I always like to succeed in whatever I undertake, and I wanted

to get out of Chicago on less than fifty dollars. I shall never get over my disappointment," I added, as again I glanced over my carefully kept account.

As I did so I paused at the tenth item and quickly cried out.

"O, John!" I said. "I have made another mistake. I didn't pay the sewing-woman three dollars. When I was about to settle with her she said that she would throw off fifty cents if I would give her that old plaid skirt, the one that I never intended to wear any more. I did so, and only gave her two-fifty. Now how much does that make it?"

John replied instantly:

"Then you got out of town for forty-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents."

I clapped my hands in triumph.

"O, that sounds like a department-store price, doesn't it?" I exclaimed. "But I am so glad we got out on less than fifty! I wouldn't have failed in that for worlds, for you know I told you we could do it, didn't I, John?" I asked, as I rushed to his side to get the other paper and correct it.

"Yes, you told me so," said John, "and you

202655B

have accomplished it. But you needn't look to me to express surprise for I long ago determined not to be astonished at anything you do. It is a waste of energy."

I always liked to hear John talk like that.

CHAPTER XI

A FEATHERED WARBLER

Our journey next day took us as far as Milwaukee. Since it was our purpose to avoid the atmosphere of cities we paused only long enough to make a few necessary purchases. First our stock of groceries was replenished. At another store John bought some lines, hooks and other tackle, for we learned that there would be abundant occasion for their use in the region to which we were bound. Among other things we got two whistles, little police whistles, which would sound a shrill note that could be heard a long distance. In our journey of the previous days we were several times reminded that John and I ought to have some means of signaling to each other when, for the many purposes that made it necessary, one or the other was compelled to go to a distance from camp. For this we decided to use whistles and we intended to work out a simple code of signals which would be readily understood, a sort of a "ring-twice-for-ice-water" affair.

We left Milwaukee by the road leading west past the Soldiers' Home, which took us in the direction of Oconomowoc.

We went into camp early that afternoon about ten miles out from the city on the Wauwatosa road. The evenings now were getting longer and after the dinner-things were cleared away it was still light enough for me to do some sewing. I went to my "trunk," as I called it, which was one of the compartments under John's berth. In this I kept my bag of sewing materials.

After mending the seam that Gyp had ripped I unpacked my trunk and hung its entire contents out to air on a line stretched between two trees.

My wardrobe was not very extensive, though I took with me everything I thought I would possibly need.

My travelling costume, the one that I wore through the day while in the wagon-seat, consisted of a pedestrienne skirt of Oxford-gray golf-cloth. When I wore it in the winter it was just long enough to touch the ground. In altering it for use on the trip I shortened it four inches. It made a splendid skirt to run about in. With it I wore a flannel shirt-waist, of which I had two, and a jacket of the same stuff as the skirt. I had

walking-boots that buttoned high, and my hat was a wide-brimmed felt "rough-rider." My gloves were chamois; I could wash them when they were soiled.

Besides this suit I had another of dark blue serge which I wore with a pilot coat, which had a wide collar that I could turn up about my neck in the wind. For wear about camp when we were settled I brought along two suits of washable gingham, with fine stripes. When not on the road I always exchanged my "Roosevelt" for a white yachting-cap, a relic of by-gone days fished out from the closet at home. These, with other necessary articles and my ulster comfortably filled my "trunk."

John's wardrobe was less extensive than mine. He wore a business suit of dark blue cheviot, one that, in the city, had seen almost enough wear to be discarded but in our new mode of life would give much good service. He had a change of three flannel shirts. Such thing as a starched linen garment of any kind neither of us affected. This serge suit he wore while "on the road." For working about camp and for "roughing it" he changed his long trousers for short, bicycle-pants, worn with long woolen hose and heavy

walking-shoes. A loose flannel blouse over his shirt, and a broad-brimmed sombrero, much like my "Roosevelt," completed his outfit. Besides this wardrobe he had some high rubber boots and a hunting-jacket which he used to wear when after ducks on the Calumet marshes.

The dressing of a baby was never so light a task. All his little lace-trimmed white dresses, his sweet little caps and soft silk wraps, in which I had so loved to dress him, were safely packed away at home. Through the journey of the day he wore a flannel suit with jacket, leggings and short skirt. But when in camp baby, with the rest, had his change of costume. It took but a few moments each day to remove his travelling suit and replace it with blue-jeans overalls, a single-suit garment with shoulder-straps that buttoned in the back. This was put on over a little flannel shirt. His hat, which he persistently wore on the back of his head, was broad-brimmed to protect from the sun. In this attire he was the cunningest little fellow that ever wore curls.

Each day when we stopped to go into camp, as soon as Bronco was taken from the shafts baby would clamor for his change of costume, which I would quickly make. Then his duties

began. His favorite occupation, which he indus-

"The cunningest
little fellow that
ever wore curls."

triously pursued, was gathering fuel. He would first demand possession of his little toy hatchet,

which he called his " 'atch." With this in one hand he would toddle about picking up dried twigs, no greater in size than a slate-pencil. After securing a supply which seemed to satisfy his ideas of proportions, with his " 'atch" he would proceed to cut the brittle pieces into lengths. But, in a very unwoodsmanlike manner, he would always seat himself at his task. His job completed, it was with an air of supreme satisfaction that he would see the product of his labors go into the stove to help start the fire.

So deliberately did we now pursue our way that it was the third day out from Milwaukee before we reached Oconomowoc. We made a change in the order of our daily itinerary which rendered our journey more leisurely and added much to our comfort. Instead of breaking our journey at noon-time, as we had before been in the habit of doing, we now made but a single trip each day. We started an hour later each morning and at noontime, instead of stopping for luncheon, when twelve o'clock came, we would eat a bite while drawn up at some convenient spot beside the road, where Bronco, without unhitching, would be given water and a small measure of

oats. The first day of this new arrangement our stop was later than usual, and it was near two o'clock that we took luncheon seated on a convenient log by the roadside.

After a halt of a half-hour we would make a new start, traveling for no more than two hours longer. Then we would go into camp early, having a long afternoon in which to enjoy our surroundings and make elaborate preparations for dinner. This, at five o'clock, was always the hearty meal of the day. This plan gave us a long evening notwithstanding our early bedtime. But then, in the morning we were always "up with the lark."

"We took luncheon
seated on a convenient log by the roadside."

And this was literally true. I have never heard sweeter bird-music than came from the throats of the meadow-larks which for many weeks were our heralds of the day.

The first time that I heard them was the second morning out from Milwaukee. We were encamped among some trees on the edge of a wood which we reached by going some distance up a narrow grassy lane that led from the main road. Not far from the road the lane crossed a creek too shallow to demand a bridge. Across the lane from our camping-spot was a broad stretch of pasture land enclosed by a board fence. Here we passed the night.

In the morning, being restless, I awakened before sunrise. It was yet the gray of the dawn. John and baby were still sleeping. Outside I could hear beginning signs of life. Bronco, fastened to the nearest tree, was munching some wisps of hay left from his evening's meal. Gyp, under the wagon, stretched himself with a yawn, and I could then detect his light foot-steps carrying him over toward Bronco, where he went to investigate the food-question, wondering, no doubt, how it was that a horse-animal could find

anything upon which to regale himself while to dog-animal the larder was bare.

Now, more distant sounds caught my ear. From far away to the east came the crowing of a cock, which was soon answered by another, more near. This was but the signal to begin for quickly, from all points of the compass, remote and near, in varying tones, the call was taken up and each one seemed to strive to strike a higher key than his neighbor. I thought their throats would split. But after a while, having done their best, they seemed to tire, and gradually, as the hunt for worms began their raucous voices were heard no more.

But now another sound I heard, which gladdened my ear. It was sweet and soft but full of swelling melody. Never before had I heard such music. I at once determined to find, if I could, the bird capable of such art. In a few minutes I was dressed and out, leaving John and baby to finish their slumbers. I unfastened Bronco and started with him for the lane, intending to water him at the creek which we had crossed in coming up. The sweet music still continued. On emerging from the copse where our camp was sheltered I came full upon its author. The sun of

morning threw its slanting rays over all the landscape making the clinging dew-drops on the grass-blades sparkle like diamonds. In the aisles of the trees of distant woods there still lingered shadows trying to escape the "envious streaks that laced the severed clouds" in the brightening east. A fresh fragrance born of earth and tree and grass filled the air, and, with the sounds of which I had come in search made the moment one of pure delight. On a bar of the fence across the lane he sat, facing the morning sun. I made Bronco stand and we were undetected. The little spirit put up its head, swelled its feathers and gave utterance to such sounds as, it seemed, never before came from throat of bird. It was a joyous call, a glad greeting to the morning, and might have been accompanied by the waving of banners and the strewing of flowers. But the concert was short. Bronco made a move that caused my little entertainer to disappear. Flying low to the ground, he retreated across the pasture and sought one of the distant brush-heaps. But I had had time to make his acquaintance so that I should surely recognize him on second meeting.

I pursued my journey to the creek, where

Bronco drank. But another had been before me. A small lad, driving three cows, which had already slaked their thirst, was about to take his departure as I approached. He was whistling as loud as his little lips would let him. On seeing me he paused, evidently attracted by the appearance of a stranger. In one hand he carried a long switch cut from a willow. His bandless hat was carelessly thrown on his little brown head, while of shoes he had none. With his "turned up pantaloons and his merry whistled tunes" he was a perfect picture of Whittier's boy. I gave him good morning, remarked on the balmy mildness of the air, and then asked:

"Can you tell me, little boy, the name of the bird that makes such sweet music in the early morning?"

"The one what sets on the fence when the sun's rising and sings like mad?" he asked.

"Yes, that's the one," said I, eagerly.

"Them's medder larks."

"O, I am so glad they are called larks!" I exclaimed. "Are there many about here?"

"Good many. I know where there's a nest," said he, in triumphant tone.

"O, how I should love to see it! Can you show it to me?" I asked.

"Yes. Come 'long," said he.

"Where is it? How far from here?" I inquired.

" 'Bout a mile. It's in some bushes up side a fence, over next to Ginley's pastur' lot. You kin climb on the fence an' look right down in it."

"O," said I, in disappointment, "it is too far for me to go, for I haven't time. What color are the eggs?"

"Did y'ever see a chicken's egg what ain't white — sort o' like the top o' the pan o' milk when cream's on it?"

"Yes," I said, "I've seen it."

"Well, that's the color. Only it has little green spots, 'bout 's large 's fly-specks, only more of 'em at the little end."

"How cunning they must be!" I exclaimed.

"Yes'm, they're 'cute," continued the lad. "The nest I'm tellin' about 's got three eggs in it like that, all the same size, only ther' ain't one of 'em much bigger'n a bean."

Well satisfied with my morning's lesson in ornithology soon I returned to camp where John had a roaring fire in the stove.

CHAPTER XII

PROBLEMS DOMESTIC

We reached Oconomowoc on a Saturday afternoon. All day we had been journeying through a most enchanting country, gently undulating, with woods and open and lakes and streams in picturesque variety. The greatest charm was given by the chain of small inland lakes with which the landscape was broken at frequent intervals. No sooner was one out of sight than another would appear, while from some commanding points several could be seen at one time, set like gems among the hills. The day, too, was clear and bright. A few flecks of white clouds floated lazily in the sky, the spring air was fresh and fragrant and as we slowly pursued our way in silence we wished that our journey might never end.

But the actualities had to come.

After winding through the streets of the village beneath a spreading oak we found an inviting spot at the north end of Lac la Belle, where

"Beneath a spreading oak we found an inviting spot."

the road turns to the westward. Here we halted and soon had camp established.

The next day was Sunday. We determined to make it a day of rest in full enjoyment of our lakeside camp.

After breakfast the morning hours soon passed in duties about the camp, the chief of which, on my part, was giving baby his bath. This, each day throughout our trip, rain or shine, he never failed to get. I had brought as part of our outfit his little rubber bath-tub, which was collapsible and convertible and foldable, as they make things now-a-days since the urban population have become "cave-dwellers," as Henry Fuller puts it.

When preparations for the bath were made the curtains of the "ark" would all be drawn close, except those in front, which were parted half way down from the top in order to admit light, but the opening thus made was hung with a shade of thin white muslin which effectually shut off all draft while it did not perceptibly obscure the light. Seated, at one side, on John's bunk, I had the bath-tub in front of me. On its adjusted standards it rose higher than my knees. On the floor at one side I had a kettle of steaming hot water and with it a small tin-pail of cold, with which to temper it. The hot water not only supplied the bath but the warm vapor which rose from it made our snug little bath-room warm and comfortable even if there should be a chill in the air without.

Thus equipped I removed baby's clothing and bathed him with as great convenience as ever in the nursery at home. If I needed more hot water John, on the outside, always had it ready and handed it in through a crack between the parted curtains in the rear.

When eleven o'clock drew near I asked John to go to the village post-office and ask for letters.

"Didn't know you were expecting any," said he.

"Yes," I replied, "you ought to find one from mother and one from the girls."

"Will the office be open?" he asked.

"I think it will," said I. "Annie Miles told me it would. She was up here all last summer with Lou Faulkener."

In John's absence I was engaged in preparations for dinner, which this day we were to take early so as to have a long afternoon free from the usual duties of the practical part of existence.

True enough, when John returned he brought the expected letters. I was dying with curiosity to read them, but as I had my hands in biscuit-dough I asked John to find my pocket and put them in until I should have time to open them. Later, while setting the table, I seized opportunity to glance at the contents of each. I read enough to learn that all were well, and dead anxious to know how we were getting along. To finish the reading I awaited greater leisure.

John helped me. We made deliberate preparations and as a result, had an elaborate Sunday dinner. It included soup — tomato bisque — meat, two vegetables, and my hot biscuit, which came out beautifully. For a dessert we had junket, with sugar and cream, sprinkled with nutmeg.

In baking biscuit in the little stove I always had to watch them very carefully, for the fire-box of sheet-iron was so near the oven that the latter became intensely hot in a very short time, and the biscuit were liable to burn.

When the things were cleared and baby laid away for his nap, John put up our hammocks, swinging them between three trees, the foot-ends attached to one tree, and the heads to two others, not very far apart. With pillows and blankets we made ourselves very comfortable, John with a book, which I noticed he didn't read, and I with my letters, both of which were long.

As we lay we could look out upon the water, which was unruffled in the still air, its surface reflecting the rays of the bright afternoon sun. The quiet of the day was unbroken by any sound save, in the far distance, the occasional lowing of a cow, which seemed to be inspired to make its presence known to still more distant mates. Here we lay for hours swaying lazily in our hammocks.

The letter from Madge told me everything that had happened since our departure. The girls were getting along splendidly, only now they were doing their own work. The maid had left.

"Just listen to this, John," said I. "I'll read it to you. Hear what Madge says."

"Go ahead," said John. "I'm listening."

I read:

"'It was the second day after you went away. Everything had gone well to that time, and there had been no signs of coming trouble. Just as I was ready to start to school I went to the kitchen door and asked if anything was needed for luncheon. 'Ye kin git what ye loikes,' said Mary, 'an ye kin git a gurrul to cook it.' I was abashed at her impertinence, but I asked, 'What has happened, Mary?' 'The mishtress niver said it was fur me to cook loonchuns. It's two year Oi've ben in the house, an' savin' a coop o' tay or the loikes o' that there was no cookin' but breakfust an' dinner, onless special, an' then Oi was always ramimbered.' 'Well, Mary,' said I, 'what is it you expect? Are we not to have three meals a day when we do the providing?' 'Oi'll shtay the wake out, but it's loight loonchuns Oi'll git,' she answered.

"'I determined to have no further argument with her but went at once and called the girls together in the parlor where we held a council of war. It did not take long to determine to let Mary go and try getting along without a maid at all. As a result of our decision I went right back to the kitchen and told Mary that she needn't stay till the end of the week, she could go at once. Florence, who didn't have classes till eleven, staid to see her off. After cleaning her kitchen and doing the sweeping and beds Mary left with all her belongings. So now we are without a cook.'

"There, John," said I, "did you ever hear anything so ridiculous in your life? Mary acted like a goose. It wouldn't have hurt her at all to fry some potatoes and cook a few chops at noon.

Girls who are working hard at school need it. But it's just the same all over the city. These flats have perfectly demoralized the servant-maid. They just want to stand in one spot and do all the work by turning around. And then they don't want to do anything but push buttons. With them there is no more climbing of stairs, no building of fires, no taking up ashes, no scrubbing of front steps, or a score of other things necessary about a house. So, since they don't have to do all this, they think they are being imposed upon if required to get more than two meals a day. But I shall never put up with it. Thank goodness, after this experience I shall be perfectly independent of cooks. My biscuits this noon were just as good as Mary's. Don't you think so, John? I always got along well enough with her, but then I knew just how to manage.

"This servant-maid problem is getting to be a very serious one. There are none of my friends in Chicago who don't have trouble. If you can get a good Swede you're all right, but they are scarce. They have some self-respect, and that's the reason they respect others. The Germans don't go out any more; they keep little corner groceries or delicatessen stores, while the Irish —

well, the men are all in politics and the women, those that work, at the head of departments in the stores.

"Now, John, let's see what more Madge says. Listen to this:

" 'We are getting along splendidly; much better than we expected. Each one has a part to perform. I do all the providing, Florence and I do the cooking — you don't know what a great one she is in the kitchen! — while Celeste and Kate attend to the rest of the house. Celeste is a splendid housekeeper, but Kate —well, you know what Kate is! When it comes to washing the dishes all three of us go at it and it's done in a jiffy. By 'all three of us' I mean Florence and Celeste and I.'

"There, John," said I, don't you see what that means? Kate is trying to impose upon the good nature of the other girls. I didn't think she'd act so when they are all so dependent on each other. But she is one who thinks that all other people in the world are especially made to wait upon them. They demand and accept attention on the part of others not only as if it were their due, but with an air of condescension which would appear to confer a favor. Moreover, I have always noticed that such people are inclined to be sarcastic upon occasion. Lazy people are generally sarcastic. They use their sarcasm as a sort of a fender to protect themselves from the just criticism of their acts.

It doesn't require smartness to be sarcastic, it only requires meanness. But I am sure the other girls won't let Kate's peculiarities disturb them. They have too much good sense for that, and they will get along well enongh. I'm bound to admit Kate is awfully funny at times, and helps make things lively. But upon occasion she is also inclined to be cross and ugly. But that is to be expected. I never yet saw a Kate without a temper.

"Now let's see what else Madge says:

" 'Once a week we shall have a woman come in to give all the rooms a thorough going over and scour the things in the kitchen. She was here yesterday for the first time.'

"John," said I, looking up from my letter, "there is a suggestion in that. Since this servant-problem has got into such a snarl how nice it would be to have it so that one could call for a maid by telephone, just as we call for a district-messenger boy. Let the maid be especially trained for such service, and of a class with brains enough to know an onion from a leek and taste enough not to put too much salt in the soup. She would come from the district office just as soon as the car would bring her. She would go into the kitchen, or any other part of the house, and in

an intelligent manner do the work required of her, stay so many hours, be paid for the time, and off again, and no fuss or care or trials or trouble or worry or anything like that. She wouldn't be called 'Jane,' or 'Frieda,' or 'Hannah,' or 'Bridget,' but 'Miss Green,' or 'Anderson,' or 'French' or 'Maloy,' according to the card she brought with her, just like a nurse. Such an arrangement would relieve women of the present terrible domination of those 'captains of industry,' the dish-smashers. If some of the enterprising women in Chicago who now keep employment-offices would start such a service as this they would have nothing to do but to sit at their desks with their lips glued to the telephone and repeat: 'All of my ladies are out. I will enter your call, but there are several ahead of you.'

"John," I called, "do you hear me? John, I do believe you are asleep."

"No, I'm not asleep," languidly replied John. "Drive on. I hear you."

"Well, as you know, John," I continued, "I never had much trouble, and I am sure Mary will come back to me when I want her, for our family is small. But the tales of woe that are poured into my ears by others would darken the sky. In

going down-town on the car I never see two women in earnest conversation but I find they are discussing the 'help' question and bemoaning the loss of a cook or a maid. But there is much in management. Now there was Mrs. Leedsell, on Prairie avenue, she never seemed to have any trouble. I never saw housekeeping done so quietly or systematically, and yet her maids seldom left her except to get married. If any one gave 'notice' it was always the mistress, and never the maid. And with it all she attended to her Fortnightly and hospitals and charity organizations, besides her three children, who were sometimes trying, but lots of comfort and awfully good. This was very different from that Mrs. Hunter, who lived around the corner. That woman was always changing servants. It seemed to be her chief occupation. No maid would stay with her more than a week. About every Saturday, regularly, she would go down to an 'agency' and bring back with her on the car a new candidate for the kitchen just as she might go down to Carson, Field & Mayer's to get a new pair of gloves. Then she would spend the week in installing her new capture, only to receive 'notice' the next Friday from the new maid. I actually

believe that woman had fifty-two a year. She only pretended to keep one maid, but in reality she always had two — one going and one coming.

"So, I say, there's everything in management."

CHAPTER XIII

PROBLEMS SCIENTIFIC

At this point in the reading of my letter baby's appealing cry called me to the wagon. When he was dressed and out John and I strolled a distance up to the road to view the attractive features of the beautiful place, the favorite summer home of so many of Chicago's citizens. With baby between us, each taking a hand, we managed to make slow progress.

We walked through a beautiful evergreen bordered lane the sides of which were lined by small pines standing in double column array. This driveway led to the water's edge, where, on the opposite shore of the lake we saw the Pecks' summer villa, with boats and yachts moored to the little wharf which invitingly led out into the water.

In less than an hour we returned and, again in our hammocks, I resumed the reading of Madge's letter.

"Now listen, John," I began as soon as we

were comfortably disposed, "listen here to what Madge says. I read:

"'I am going to tell you something that I think will surprise you, although it didn't me for I have seen it coming. Florence has announced her conversion to Christian science and intends joining the church. We have all tried to argue her out of it but her only reply is that we don't understand it because we don't put ourselves in a receptive frame of mind. But it seems to me that by voluntarily putting one's self into a 'receptive' frame of mind one could believe in almost anything — even hell-fire and damnation (savin' yer prisince). In fact, in the past many people did so believe, and we are told that there are a few left. But Florence always was set in her ways and so we have concluded to cease making her action the subject of comment.'

"There, John, do you hear that? Who would ever have thought it of Florence Rice? Good, sensible little Florence! It is too bad. John, are you going to sleep?"

"Eh, what did you say, dear?"

"I say Madge writes that Florence Rice has become a Christian scientist. Did you ever hear anything more absurd?"

"More absurd than what, dear?" asked John.

"More absurd than for Florence to take up with this new fad," I answered.

"I don't know — well, yes, I think I have," answered John. "This new fad seems to take

people who are perfectly sane in all other respects. It is the history of the world that in matters of religion there are few who do their own thinking. There was a time — now, happily, past — when even the pulpit did not do so. It was dominated by authority and tradition. Everything

"Through a beautiful
evergreen-bordered lane."

was simply 'handed down.' While as for the pews — well, they are not yet completely eman-

"We saw the Peck's summer villa."

cipated. They must, to a great extent, have someone to do their thinking for them. It is all right so long as the thinking is done by such men as Hirsch and Hillis and Cheney and Jones and Crane and others whose names I might mention. But the trouble is that with this disposition on the part of so many to let others do their thinking in matters concerning the destiny of their immortal souls the people are just as apt to follow false prophets as they are to follow true ones. So

it is in the case of this Mrs. Eddy. She is doing the thinking for a great many worthy people, not alone with reference to their religion, all of which she pretends to interpret from the Bible — a very excellent authority indeed when properly interpreted — but she also assumes to do their thinking for them touching matters of digestion, blood-poisoning, cancer, diphtheria and small-pox, on which the Bible is no authority at all, and neither is Mrs. Eddy. But, notwithstanding this, there is nothing at all remarkable in the fact that people should accept Mrs. Eddy as their authority in matters of disease. They are not peculiar in this respect. Thousands and thousands rely upon the gilded promises of quacks. Why not upon those of Mrs. Eddy? Quacks do not cloak their pretensions in the garb of religion, while Mrs. Eddy does. This makes her doctrines the more alluring. Every fanatic the world has ever known who has attracted a large following has carried a banner inscribed with the word 'Religion.' In this, though in nothing else, they are imitators of Christ. If the fanatics left out Christ they would never make a convert. Jeanne d'Arc got a following only because she claimed to be inspired of the Christ-mother. Had she based her claims to

preference on the elements of personal bravery and military genius she never would have led victorious legions. All the humanities, embodying as they do the spirit of civilization, are of Christ and from Christ. This very movement of the Eddyites is but another illustration of the deep implantation of the teachings of Christ in the souls of the people. Christ is embedded in all hearts so deeply that the destruction of a single fiber is like the pulling of a thread from the fabric of Christianity. The Sermon on the Mount still controls all the forces of modern civilization. Even an agnostic is the product of nineteen centuries of Christianity. He cannot escape his heritage.

"There are two essential reasons why fanatical leaders get a following. One, as I have already stated, is that they inscribe 'Religion' upon their banners, and then clothe their schemes in the garb. By so doing they get a hearing. The other reason is that the element of superstition is not yet extinct in the human animal. It is for this reason that so many people put faith in the teachings of those who deal in the occult. Centuries hence superstition will be the last vestige of his primitive origin from which man will be-

come free. The evolutionary process will only then have been completed. Superstition is the attribute which links the civilized man of to-day with primitive peoples of ages past.

"Rid human nature of its last vestige of superstition — the mother of credulity, the propagator of error — and all man-made 'systems' will crumble leaving the pure teachings of Christ as the one religion of all the nations of the earth.

"Now, what was it you asked me, dear? O, what I think of Christian science? Well, that's what I think. Now tell me what you think."

"O, John!" I exclaimed. "That's just splendid! It is what I would have said myself, only I wouldn't have expressed it in just those words. I think it's very strange that Florence should have done what she has, and I trust it'll be a satisfaction to her. But she didn't need Christian science any more than Bronco needs boots, for she never has anything the matter with her of an imaginary character, much less real, while the doctor says Christian science is splendidly adapted for people who suffer from nothing but 'complaints.' But when it comes to real disease, he says, one wants real treatment. Now there's that maiden lady, I suppose they'd call her, Miss Slocum, who lives

in the flat below us, only across the hall; she was always grunting and complaining and telling her ailments, and you'd have thought she had all the diseases under the sun, and yet she was no worse at the end of one year than she was at the end of another. She had several doctors but none of them could cure her for there wasn't anything to cure. But when her married sister, that she lives with, turned Christian scientist Miss Slocum had to, too, because her sister told her there wasn't anything the matter with her, and that's just what the doctors kept saying all along, but she wouldn't believe the doctors because they'd come every time she sent for them — she's got money, you know — but she had to believe her sister for she didn't get any more wet cloths on her forehead or her back rubbed or get tucked in bed with a cup of hot ginger tea inside her, or anything like that, such as she had always been used to. So she was compelled to believe what her sister said, for there was the evidence. Therefore she became a Christian scientist, and one Wednesday evening I went with Mrs. Breckenridge to an experience meeting at the temple over on Drexel and while we were there this very Miss Slocum got up and told how

she had been cured of all sorts of dreadful diseases that I would be afraid to name, and the people all believed her. Well, I suppose I would, too, if I hadn't lived in the flat above.

"I believe it is just as the doctor says, that Christian science is well enough for people who imagine they are sick, for it is just as easy for them to imagine they are well. If that is so, then I presume I have been somewhat of a Christian scientist all my life without knowing it, for I never did believe in moping around all day with one's mind in a poultice. But if ever I am taken sick I shall send for the doctor just as soon as I feel the first signs of the chill.

"Isn't that right, John? John, I say, isn't that right? O, John!"

CHAPTER XIV

A RAINY DAY

The next day it rained. In fact it began very early in the morning and wakened me by the first patter of drops on the roof of our ark. I lay still and listened. The rain would fall gently for a while, like a tiny tattoo, then with a light gust of wind it would sweep over the wagon-top with a swish as though especially engaged to cleanse the dust-laden cover. But not a drop entered our snug little abode. Baby, in his swinging hammock, was up in the second story, more than midway between the floor and the roof. Nothing could disturb his placid slumbers, while John, ever since we had begun our out-door life, slept like a log.

Of course we would not think of moving on until the weather had cleared so I was in no haste to begin the day. I enjoyed lying there listening to the rain and thinking and planning. Knowing that we would encounter some storm with our sunshine, in our outfitting we had come well prepared for either rain or drought.

It was nearly an hour past our usual time when I arose, and then it was Bronco, at a nearby tree, who reminded me that it was late breakfast time, with the added intelligence, indicated by a swashy kind of stamping, that there had been a change in the weather in the vicinity of his stable. As I opened the rear curtains and lowered the draw-bridge, to make my exit, John rubbed his eyes, stretched himself and yawned. Soon he joined me. With his mackintosh and high rubber boots he was as impervious to wet as a fireman, while my rubbers and gossamer rendered me equally immune. That morning Bronco was led to water at the shore of the lake by a rubber-clad figure carrying an umbrella.

"Rain before seven, clear before eleven," I said to John on my return. But it continued to rain all through breakfast time. This, however, did not greatly incommode us. Our awning was up — rain or shine we always set it as soon as we went into camp, leaving it until ready to start the next day. Therefore we had a dry spot beside the wagon. The stove, taken from its receptacle beneath the wagon-bed, was soon set up and with dry kindling, always on hand, in a few minutes we had a brisk fire going. Beneath the spreading

awning the making and taking of our meal was as simple a process as ever on the brightest day.

True to the adage, it did clear before eleven. When the morning was half over the clouds broke, the sun shone and made the dripping foliage sparkle as though gem-bedecked. The grass-blades stood erect with renewed life and from their green bed frank-faced dandelions stared upward at their great brother, the sun.

But a dark line of clouds which hung low on the horizon in the west gave warning that the rain had but declared a truce. Hence we were not beguiled into breaking camp, but determined to await the weather forecast of another day. This with perfect convenience we could readily do, since, like any other tramps, we had no objective point to our journey that could be otherwise defined than merely "up North." Moreover, tramp-like still, it mattered little when we might reach that mythical region. In our calendar each day was mañana.

As a result of the thinking and planning I had done while lying in my berth in the morning I suggested to John that the occasion might arise some day when we would want the interior of the ark of a higher temperature than the outward air would make it.

"As, for instance ——" said John.

"As, for instance," I replied, "when there comes a cold rain and there is a chill in the air."

"Then you propose that I shall rig up some sort of an arrangement whereby we can have the stove in the ark, even with the curtains drawn," suggested John.

"That's it," said I.

John stepped back a short distance, put his hands in his pockets, and gazed at the top of the wagon-cover, while he whistled quietly. In a few moments he said:

"I have it."

"Have what, John?" I asked.

"Just leave it to me and you shall see a stove set up without any of the traditional accompaniments," he replied.

I asked no more questions. Soon he started to the village to do some necessary marketing.

"Shall I call at the post-office?" he asked, as he was about to set off.

"Not on my account," I said. "No one else has our address."

When John returned, among other articles he brought a square piece of heavy tin, about a foot in size, and a small coil of wire. By the use of

my can-opener he first made, in the center of the piece of tin, a round hole just the size of the top joint of the stove pipe. By means of the wire he secured the tin in place in the wagon-top in such manner as to provide a pipe hole for our little stove.

Since we did not intend to renew our journey that day we had dinner earlier than usual. It was well that we did so, for by six o'clock the clouds had gathered again and large drops of rain began to fall, sputtering as an occasional one struck the stove.

The rain increased in its fall the air became cool and the sky was hung with low and dripping clouds. It became dark early and we soon made preparations for the night.

Bronco, with his nose in a plentiful mass of hay was made waterproof by means of his rubber horse-cover. Gyp had become an adept in looking out for himself under the wagon. Having thus disposed of the live-stock we prepared for our own comfort.

We were not long in deciding to put into practice our plan of placing the stove in the wagon for the purpose of freeing it of dampness.

In the front end of the wagon, just back of the

seat, were three tin boxes. One of these was my bread-box, from the kitchen at home, and two similar ones, part of our outfit. In the first I kept our small supply of bread from day to day, and also folded table-cloths and napkins. The middle box was for groceries, a small crock for butter and innumerable little muslin bags, of various sizes tied at the mouth with a string. The several bags contained sugar, rice, cornmeal, coffee, tea, salt. Then there were little tin boxes of pepper and other spices, and, in addition to these, a bottle of olives and one of Snider's tomato catsup. The third box was for vegetables. These boxes were now made to serve the purpose of a platform upon which to set the stove. Thus placed the extension pipe was run up through the hole in the roof and everything made complete.

It was as early as eight o'clock that we closed the curtains and prepared for the night.

Baby, suspended in his swinging cradle, had already been asleep for an hour. First I let John seek his berth, and soon he was comfortably fixed.

We had at this time been away from home less than two weeks. A rather short period, one would think, in which to note improvement in John's

condition. And yet to me the change was already very perceptible. He paid little attention to himself in this respect — which was quite characteristic of those affected as he was, the doctor had told me — hence, as a matter of necessity I took it upon myself to act as his medical adviser, which I felt competent to do as a result of my conferences with the doctor before leaving home. But really there was little to be done. The doctor said that if he always kept his feet dry and warm and took precautions in the way of proper clothing and the avoidance of exposure, so as never to get chilled, nothing could harm him. Beyond this, the doctor said, all that he had to do was to eat and to breathe, and a cure could be confidently assured.

I already had evidence that what the doctor said was true. As to John's appetite — well, this had become the one symptom of his improvement to which he would insist upon calling attention three or four times a day.

As a result of this the scales at Oconomowoc certified to the fact that in the short time already elapsed he had gained more than a pound in weight. It may well be imagined that I was perfectly delighted, for to this the doctor had at-

tached the greatest importance. "It is the true index of a bettered condition," said he; "no gain in weight, no improvement."

But this feature of John's case seemed to have become a family affair, for the life in the open air had whetted all our appetites and there was a common result, as revealed by the scales.

But, above all, I could already see in John's condition signs of greater strength and energy. He became less easily tired, and he moved about in an active manner, more like his old self.

All this I noticed. It encouraged me to believe that the doctor was right about the final outsome and it made me supremely happy. I felt that I could take the great world in my arms, and often, when John didn't see me, with tears in my eyes I hugged and kissed baby till he was almost strangled.

This rainy evening, before "turning in," as we always called it, John started a fire in the stove. The draft was perfect and it made it seem quite cozy and homelike to hear the fire crackling and murmuring as from time to time I added fuel. Soon everything was warm and dry, and, notwithstanding the storm without we were as snug and comfortable in our tiny house on wheels as

we would have been if enclosed in plastered walls of brick and stone.

The interior was brilliantly lighted by my "Solar," which John had adjusted to the corner standard on my side

When all arrangements were complete I prepared my couch with pillows upon which I reclined. In this position, with the light shining full upon my book and John listening, for more than an hour I read aloud from "David Harum."

When I found that John's comments were becoming less responsive I closed the book. In an instant his regular breathing told that he was already sound asleep.

I closed the damper of the stove, turned off the lamp, screening the front to let it burn out the residue of gas; then adjusting my pillows lay down to rest.

I heard the night-wind in fitful gusts dashing the rain against the awning until finally the storm subsided. Then from the leaves of the tree above the water dripped upon the wagon-top in a monotonous cadence that soothed to slumber, and I was lost.

CHAPTER XV

A NIGHT OF TERROR

I overslept. When I awoke the sun was peeping in through a narrow crack in the curtains. In a few minutes I was out. The charm of that glorious morning was worth coming so many miles to see. The sky was perfectly clear, not a cloud in sight. The leaves, the grass, all things green, were still wet with last night's rain and sparkled in the sunlight. In the grass near where Bronco was tied was a robin on an early morning hunt for worms. He did not see me and I stood for some moments watching. I like robins. They have a matter-of-fact air about them and seem always to be engaged in some occupation requiring strict attention to business. With them there is no trifling. The instant they make their appearance in the spring — seeming to come out of nowhere — it is plain to be seen that their sole attention is given to selecting a building-site. This found, the work of construction goes forward as if the contract exacts a penalty for delay

beyond a certain date. When finished, the eggs go into the nest like pennies in the slot and for

"Where Lac la Belle pours its waters into the lake below."

each one the depositor draws a birdling. The rearing of the family is conducted with like system and care, and at the end of the season an account is rendered which might call for payment for the rearing of a brood of young robins.

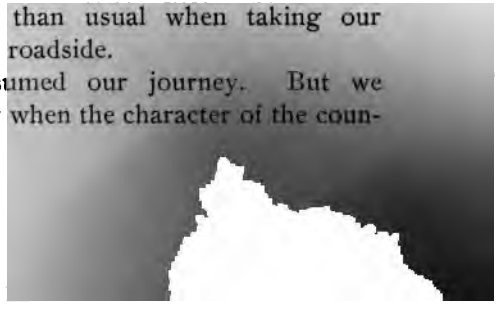
After a late breakfast we broke camp and again

started on our tramp. As we left the village we passed the falls where Lac la Belle pours its waters into the lake below.

Since it mattered little where we might be when night came we pursued our leisurely way careless of the number of miles traversed, preferring that they should be few rather than many. It was not at all a difficult matter to replenish our supplies from time to time, as they ran low, at the markets in the villages, or, occasionally, at country cross-roads, where church and school-house and store, with its post-office, were the only houses in sight. And once, when the sugar was out, we made a trade with a farmer's wife for a pound from her plentiful store. With eggs, often taken fresh from the nest, and butter and cream and tender young chickens we could have supplied the poor from our abundance. It was now far enough in the season for early vegetables, and crisp lettuce and tender young radishes, bought from farmers, were on our table at every meal.

On the day of which I speak — it was destined to be a most eventful one in our calendar — we stopped longer than usual when taking our luncheon on the roadside.

Soon we resumed our journey. But we had not gone far when the character of the coun-



ıry changed. All the green things seemed to be left behind. The road was unfenced and wound over a long stretch of heavy sand. Vegetation was sparse, consisting of a few low bushes and scrub oaks, widely scattered. Our progress was slow. In order to lighten Bronco's burden John and I walked much of the way. There was little promise of a favorable spot for camping, and so we continued on our way. We had not passed a habitation for miles. Finally we came to a short hill at the bottom of which was a small stream spanned by a rough bridge. It must have been the same creek on the banks of which we had paused at noon, only nearer the head. On the side of the stream, as we approached, there was a small unpainted house fronted by a stave fence. A length of drainage tile issuing from the roof represented the chimney. From this, dragging upward in the still air, a ragged mass of smoke announced occupancy.

We stopped in front of the rickety gate, close to it. Without dismounting we called. No answer came. Not wishing to invade so solemn and forbidding a place we still kept our seats. In order to make ourselves heard we tried another plan. In unison we blew blasts loud and long on our whistles.

This brought life. But such life! From the rear of the house, howling, yelping and barking, rushed a band of scraggy animals like the dogs of war let loose. Gyp was terrorized. He sprang to the front wheel and tried to climb. John reached down, grasped him by the back of the neck and lifted him into the wagon. It was just in time. In a moment more he would have been torn to pieces. The immense hounds would actually have sprung after him had not John diverted their attention with the whip. This enraged them the more. John would have started the horse in order to get rid of the noisy pack, but at this instant the door of the hut opened and a man came forth. It was only with much effort and the vigorous use of a heavy stick that the strange man finally succeeded in quieting the angry dogs

John asked the man a question about the road ahead, but not a word could the fellow understand. He was a Hollander, tall, raw-boned, heavily bearded, and smoking the inevitable pipe. He seemed to view us with suspicion, and was either too stupid or too perverse to interpret simple sign-language, which, John said, any American Indian would have read like print.

Abandoning all effort to gain information we

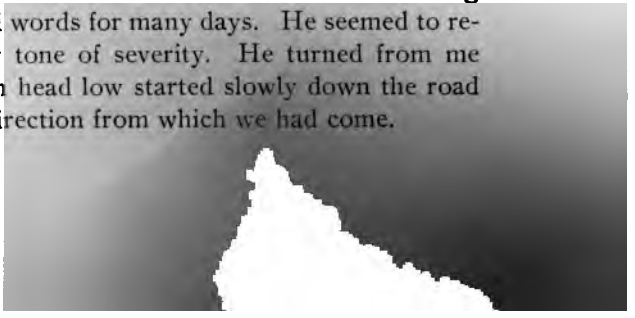
crossed the bridge, climbed the short hill on the opposite side and drove on.

Here the face of the country changed. It became densely wooded. The road wound irregularly in a narrow lane of trees. In places the ground was soft and boggy but, for the most of the way dry, and rough with roots and stumps. When we had penetrated into the forest several miles, despairing of getting out before night came on, for it was then late in the afternoon, we determined to seek the most favorable spot and prepare our camp.

We soon came upon a place where a by-path led into the woods. It was not a road, only a narrow wagon-track in a lane of trees, but leading to ground that was somewhat higher and perfectly dry. We followed this but a short distance, but did not stop until, in its zig-zag course, we arrived at a spot where we were well screened from the main road. Here we entered upon our customary preparations. Soon Bronco was unharnessed, the awning up, the stove out, baby seated to one side on his blanket, and everything promised to be as comfortable as in our most favored camp. The only thing lacking was water. We always kept on hand a jug of pure water for cooking purposes, prepared for such emergency

as this, but there was none for the horse. Carrying the tin pail John set out in search of some. Knowing that there was none in the road over which we had come he took the opposite direction and followed the course of the wagon-track by which we had entered.

John had been away but a few minutes when, on glancing up from my work I discovered that Bronco's halter-strap had become detached from the tree to which I had hastily fastened it and he was moving off nibbling at twigs and branches. As I approached him in order to secure the strap he watched me out of the corner of his eye until my hand was almost upon it, when he quickly swung his head away and moved off a few paces. When I repeated my attempt he repeated his performance. In this way he kept me after him, a few paces at a time, until soon we were back on the trail almost to the main wagon-road. I was sure Bronco did not intend to be vicious. He was only playful, and coquetting with me. But finally, as we emerged into the road I spoke sharply to him. Until that moment he had heard nothing but kind words for many days. He seemed to resent my tone of severity. He turned from me and with head low started slowly down the road in the direction from which we had come.



As I quickened my steps in order to overtake him Bronco also quickened his until, being hard pressed he finally raised his head and started off at a trot. I followed, though now losing ground in the race. I slackened my pace and he again came down to a walk.

In this way I followed him down the road for a long distance. I don't know how far it was; it must have been more than a mile, for it was perceptibly darker than when we had started. Finally Bronco stopped at a pool in one of the low spots by the roadside and began to drink. As I came up, feeling, no doubt, that I was sufficiently punished, he offered no resistance but let me grasp the strap without making a motion of his head. I let him finish drinking. I then patted his head and spoke kindly to him after which we started back, the best of friends. The return trip, which I made as quickly as I could, seemed longer than the one in going and shadows were now so deep that it was with some difficulty that I was able to detect the spot where the wagon-trail led off from the main road. But after slight hesitation I succeeded.

Soon after leaving the main road I sounded my whistle and after short delay heard John's response, so I knew that all was well.

In a few minutes more I was in camp and Bronco securely fastened. As I went around the side of the wagon John was there with the pail of water of which he had gone in search. He had set it aside and was then engaged in starting the fire in the stove.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "Did you take the horse to water without waiting for me?"

"No—yes," I said; "that is, he went himself. The naughty fellow strayed away and I had to run to catch him."

"And baby; did you take him with you?"

I had already started towards the wagon supposing baby was inside. At these words I quickly turned, paused for an instant, then rushed to John's side.

"Do you mean — do you mean — wasn't baby?——"

"No. I haven't seen him. I supposed he was with you."

"O, John!" I cried; "Baby is lost!"

"How long has it been?" asked John, trying to control himself, yet with alarm in his voice. "Maybe not. We must look."

"Yes, we must look!" I cried, now all excitement. "O, yes, John, we mus[illegible]k! We must

look! You go that way and I'll go this — no, you go this way and I'll go that. No! O, where shall we go? What shall we do? O!" I shrieked, throwing my arms high in air, "Baby is lost! Baby is lost!"

I would have fallen had not John caught and supported me. Clasping me tightly to his side he raised my head with his hand. Looking into my face, in firm tones but with his teeth close together, he said:

"See here, dear, you must stop this! You must listen to every word I say."

"Yes, John," I said, with quick aspiration.

"This is my affair now, and you must obey me."

"Yes, John."

"You must brace up, and be my brave little girl."

"Yes, John."

"I shall find baby."

"Yes, John, yes!" I said, clinging to him.

"Now answer my every question."

"Yes, John."

"Where was Baby when you last saw him?"

"There, John, there," I answered pointing.

"Which way did you go?"

"That way, John; there."

"To the road?"

"Yes, John."

"In which direction?"

I waved my hand.

"The way we came?"

"Yes, John."

"Far?"

"Yes, John."

"How long were you gone, do you think?"

"It must have been — it must have been — more than half an hour, though it didn't seem ——"

"Did Gyp go with you?"

"No. Wasn't he here ——"

"When I returned?" added John. "No. I haven't seen him."

"O, John!" I cried in agony. "Those dreadful hounds we saw! What if ——"

"Hush!" said John in stern voice. "You must not think such thoughts. Drive them from your mind."

"Yes, John," said I, falteringly.

From his pocket John drew forth his whistle and several times blew it loud and long. But no Gyp appeared. After this for a few moments he was silent. I closely scanned his face trying to read his thoughts. Finally he said:

"The little tot couldn't have gone far. Of course he tried to follow his mother, but couldn't keep the road. He strayed into the bushes and is there now, probably fast asleep. And there we'll find him."

"O, John!" I said.

"Come now, get your bicycle lamp and I'll light it."

When I started I acted quickly. It was now quite dark. But I felt my way in the wagon and soon had the lamp in John's hands. I could not speak. I could not think. My soul was filled with a great fear and my mind was stunned. But I depended upon John. I watched his every act and I caught his every word. When the first match went out I was in agony. With the next the lamp was lighted and we started.

"Now," said John, "keep close to me."

"Yes, John."

"If we should separate there would be two lost."

First we circled once about the camp, at a wide range, and then started down the trail. The intense light of the lamp penetrated into the bushes far on either side, as we scanned one and then the

other. At intervals John would call "Baby!" With bated breath I would listen for a responsive cry. But none came. We reached the main road and then turned south. From side to side we went, peering, calling and listening.

"Of course, if he came this way," said John, "he would have been off the road when you passed or you would have seen him. He might have been but slightly hidden, and yet paid no attention to the tramp of the horse. Then, later, he could have wandered still farther down the road. We must keep on."

We continued on our way. We looked behind every log and stump and tree and under every bush for a short distance from the road one side, reserving the other for our return. At last John said:

"No need to continue in this direction. His little feet would never have carried him so far."

Then we started back and searched the other side even more carefully than the first. It was slow work and took much time. It was far into the night when again we reached the trail leading down to camp. There we paused.

It was intensely dark. The dense forest shut out what little light the stars afforded, a few of

which could be seen through the arched trees far above. The air was damp and chill. A slight breeze stirred the leaves. Aside from this all was still save for the shrill sound of crickets and the note of a night-bird. John called once, loud and long. We held our breath and listened, yearning to hear the cry of a child in the night. No voice returned out of the wood save a broken echo. Trembling, I placed my hand on John's shoulder. He quickly grasped it and said:

"Now come, dear, come! Remember what I told you. Keep your grit, little girl, and don't give up. Will you do as I say?"

"Yes, John."

"That's right! Just watch me. That's all you have to do. So long as I am strong you must be brave."

"Yes, John."

"You must rely upon me. You must rely upon me," said he in firm yet tender tones.

"Yes, John, yes," I replied, clinging to his arm.

Hopeless, I could have fallen at his feet. But that would have been selfish. I set my teeth, clenched my hands and went with him.

"We must go in this direction," John said, turning northward in the road. "He would have been as likely to go this way as the other."

Thus we resumed the search. Slowly we went, so as to overlook no possible spot where baby might be concealed. Proceeding in this manner we had not gone far when we found on the opposite side of the main road a wagon-trail corresponding to the one which led to our camp. The trail led out of the woods on one side, crossed diagonally, and re-entered on the other. We followed the track some distance in, until the ground became soft and boggy, at which point we turned and retraced our steps. Again we turned northward on the main road. In this direction we went even farther than we had in the other, drawn forward by an ever-receding hope. No hidden spot, illumined by the bright glare of the lamp, escaped our vigilant eyes. Finally John paused.

"It is useless to proceed," said he. "We must go back and take the other side."

Before putting his thought into action John took one look ahead up the road, as if he would penetrate the inky darkness. Then he glanced from side to side.

"Yes, let us go back on the other side," said I, placing my hand on his arm. "Come, John."

John stood immovable, paying no attention to my appeal. In a moment he said:

"Wait, dear. I think I see a light."

Looking in the direction in which his head was turned I took John's arm and raised myself on my toes in an effort to make myself as tall as he was.

Where?" I asked.

Placing one palm above his eyes and with the other hiding the lamp under his coat he peered intently for a while, then extended his arm and pointed.

"Over there," said he. "See; it brightens. Now down again."

He kept his finger pointing.

"There it goes a second time," said he. Then after a moment's pause, "Now it's out."

I could barely catch sight of a faint glimmer each time.

"It was like a signal," said John. "We must see what it is."

With the lamp to guide our feet we again made our way northward in the road, which was rough and winding. It soon turned to the west, then back again. In this long detour we saw no more signs of the light. But when the road had wound still farther back, from a rising piece of ground we could again see a faint glimmer among the trees, but still a long distance ahead.

Again we trudged on. Each minute now the light became more distinct.

Finally we reached a point where it was directly opposite us, off the road, but some distance into the woods.

"We'll see what it is," said John.

There was no path or trail. Cautiously we made our way through underbrush, over logs and around fallen trees, ever with the light before us.

Soon the trees were more sparsely set, the way was clearer, and the earth grown with moss and ferns. Now we proceeded more rapidly and yet silently.

We were getting very near.

"We must not be discovered first," whispered John. "We must find out what it is."

"Gypsies, John?" said I.

"Sh-sh-sh."

John set the lamp behind a large stump and covered it with fern leaves. He then mounted the stump and taking my hand drew me up beside him. Together we looked.

Among the trees there was a clear space edged on the farther side by the sheer bank of a stream. The trunk of a fallen tree formed another boundary. In the centre was a camp-fire, its flickering flames lighting the scene. Beside the fire, two

with their feet extended toward it, the other with his back to the blaze, lay the forms of three rough-looking men, evidently sound asleep. This was all we could see.

We stepped to the ground and in silence crept along. From behind a protecting tree we now got a nearer view, and, peering forward, I saw what checked my breath and made my heart stand still. Beside the log was a small form wrapped in an old and ragged coat, and beside it, snugged up close, lay our Gyp.

One step on my part and Gyp looked up and barked. In the instant the three men raised themselves on their elbows and looked about. I no longer waited. With a cry I rushed to where Gyp lay. I threw myself to the ground snatched away the old coat, and there was baby!

He opened his eyes. On seeing me the sweetest smile came over his dear little tear-stained face. I clasped him to me and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The knife was withdrawn from my heart. The wound was healed.

As John knelt by me I put my arm over his shoulder and pressed baby's face to his cheek. With arms about us both he closed his eyes, but the lids were moist.

CHAPTER XVI

"HE TREATED US ON DE SQUARE"

When I glanced up three figures stood with bared heads bowed as if before a shrine.

John, with back that way, had not observed. When he arose the men had returned to the fire. John took three steps towards them, then halted. He leaned forward.

"Tell me," he shouted, "which one of you stole that child?"

Not a man spoke.

"I'll kill him!" cried John, approaching the nearest one.

With half-closed eyes, teeth set and lips retracted he stretched forth his hands with fingers prehensile parted as though to tear the man's throat.

"Hold there, stranger," said the largest man, drawing an ugly-looking knife; "we'se too many fer y'u, an' we'se all got guns. Mebbe it wa'n't no steal."

John did not seem to hear. He took another

step forward, his face livid, his muscles tense. I never saw such rage.

"Be quick!" he shouted.

I knew that John's life depended upon my quick action. Seeing his danger, all my strength returned, my brain was clear.

Leaving baby, I rushed to John sprang to his neck and tightly clasped it with my arms. He tried to shake me off but could not. With lips to his ear, in forceful aspiration I said:

"Yes, John, I'll help you. We'll kill him! But we must get the right man, or he'll escape. I shall know which one. I can tell by his speech. Wait!"

John paused, panting quickly. But I did not entirely release my hold. Turning my head as well as I could I said:

"Now, man, you can tell us where you found the child."

"Leddy," said the big man, "yer kid got lost. In de road we picked it up an' bin huntin' fer de loser. It's true, an I kin prove it by yer dog."

"John," said I, "maybe it's so. Let us hear more."

John lowered his arms.

Knowing that I had accomplished my purpose

I released my hold and without resistance led John back to the log. Here he seated himself with hands upon his knees. I took my place beside him, with baby in my lap. John was silent, but his whole frame trembled.

As soon as we had become seated the big man, who had again concealed his weapon, with hand extended slowly walked up to John.

"Stranger," said he, "give us de grip. Yo're a Man! I allus knows one when I sees him."

John grasped the proffered hand but could not speak. Then the man stepped back.

"Now, my good man," said I, "you may tell us how it was."

"Yes, leddy, immejutly," said he.

Turning, he motioned to one of his companions, and said:

"Bill, heave a lot o' ker'sene on de fire; it's burnin' low."

The one addressed threw on several branches and in a moment the flames shot upward making dancing shadows among the trees and brilliantly lighting the little circle.

When this was done the big man turned to me again and resumed his speech.

"Yer see, leddy," said he, "it's jess this way.

I'se de boss o' dis yere gang —— "

Seeing a slight inclination of the speaker's head in their direction the others nodded.

" — an' we'se travelin' fer our healt'."

Again the others nodded.

"Out east o' here de country's clear, all farms, an' barns, an' hay-stacks, where we put up last night. 'Bout noon, it was, we laid our plans ter find de railroad track, over west, where de walkin's good an' de ties set right fer Shorty, here. Now, as ter how we foun' de kid, I'se de boss o' dis yere gang, but I'se got a loose holt on portry. My pard here — de little one — is de oraytor o' de gang, de purswadinist little cuss y' ever hearn talk. Comes o' lawyer stock."

Turning to his companions he beckoned to the smaller one, saying:

"Hennery, come here."

The man obeyed and slowly moved up to the side of their leader. Placing his hand on the other's shoulder as he spoke the big man continued:

"Now ye'll hear it in langwidge ye can understan'. He's a Clay."

As the big man took a step to the rear the little one began:

"Mr. Walker predic's too much. I'm plain spoke."

Clearing his husky throat, and in the course of his narrative making frequent gestures, he continued:

"De sun was below de zenit'. Out east o' here, from de open country, me an' my pards we took de trail t'roo de woods. De way was rough, an' near night we come out on de road back here more'n two mile. Dere we seen de kid, right where we come'd out. He was across de road, a settin' down a howlin', warn't he, pards?"

At this appeal the big man and his other companion, who had come up when the narrative began, both nodded assent.

"An' that there dog were actin' crazy, but keepin' close by de little one. When we come'd up de kid he turns off de music. He gets up on his feet, kind o' diff'cult like, all on a'count o' de little hatchet — it's lyin' dere now — what he has in one grip, an' de little sticks in de udder. Den he shakes de gang an' he starts up dis way, goin' nort'. But in ten steps down he sets, an' pulls de stops again."

The man here paused long enough to shift his weight from one foot to the other, at the same

time shifting a small object from cheek to cheek in the opposite direction. Throughout his narrative his companions were viewing him in evident admiration. In a moment he resumed.

"De gang, a few feet off, sets down on de carpet an' holds a session. Me an' my pards we decides de kid is lost an' tryin' ter foller de fam'ly. We didn' see no kinder-garten up de road, so we 'lows as how he fell overboard from a schooner goin' by. Den we a'journs de session. Bill he hollers onct, but don't get no come-back — did yer, Bill?"

The man appealed to shook his head.

"Den de boss he lif's de kid an' he aclingin' to der hatchet — didn't yer, boss?"

The big man nodded assent and added a few words to the narrative.

"I takes de kid in my arms," said he, "an' me an' my pards we starts up de road, and de dog a goin' crazier, which a'counts fer de fringes 'round de bottom o' my pants," with a downward glance. "De road was dark, but we trudges on' so's ter get by water. De kid, after while, stops mewin' an' drops ter sleep an' de same time drops der hatchet. Shorty here he picks it up — didn't yer, Hennery?"

The little man nodded and seized the opportunity to assert his position as chief spokesman.

"We come aroun' de long turn in de road, an' Bill — Bill's pedestrun'd t'roo here afore — he show'd de cross-cut to water, here. Den Bill, he gadders ker'sene fer de night, an' makes de fire — de last member what joins de gang has de priv'lege, an' nobody can't interfere. While I gets out de grub de boss sets by de fire, de kid on his knee, and gives back de hatchet. De kid puts it in de grip, an' howls like when we found him. Me an' my pards ain't no train'd nurse, an' falls down inventin' de way ter choke him, till de boss tries Bill at dancin' — an' he ken do it! Bill gives de kid de cake-walk, an' de pollkay-gayvot. But not anyt'ing does de biz like standin' on his head, till de dog makes him stop by goin' fer his whiskers. Den de kid howls like afore. Fer de nex' experimunt I soaks a biskit in de tincup, in water. De boss holds de kid. I kneels on one side, an' Bill acrost. Bein' shy a spoon — on a'count o' loosin' it — we lets de kid use his fist, de one widout de hatchet. De way he swallers biskit would 'er made yer hungry. An' w'en he stows it all he grabs de cup and runs de soak'd water down his pipes. W'en he lets go de cup an' says 'T'ank oo'

— like I says it — Bill, he falls over. Didn't yer, Bill?" asked the orator, turning to his companion.

A nod certified to the correctness of the statement.

"Seein' de kid hold his mout' again — like a young bird, yer know — I fills him up wid de soft part o' punkin' pie, de noospaper scraped careful off de top. W'en he don't take no more de boss he sets him down.

"W'at de kid does den is true 's Bible story. I crosses me 'art. He 'plies fer membership in de gang by cuttin' little sticks an' trowin' 'em on de fire. Didn't 'e, pards?"

A solemn bow came from the pair.

"No more howlin', no more shyin'. An' de dog, gettin' some scraps frum de cubbord, gets more friendly to all 'cept Bill, on a'count o' standin' on his head. We was'n't goin' ter keep de kid, 'ceptin' fer de night, as de boss'll certify, but bein' 's he'd done de right t'ing by us, me an' my pards we couldn't giv' him de chill, so we takes him in de gang jess fer de night, an' we calls him Georgie Washin'ton, all on a'count o' de hatchet."

Here the narrator again shifted his position, and shifted his quid. Then he resumed:

"W'en de kid drops de shade on his peepers de

boss chucks him in de cradle — de dog never leavin' him — an' den me an' my pards we holds de inquest. By de verdic' we lays out, termorrer, ter giv' him to de sisters over at de Convent, tell 'em how we finds him in de bulrushes, wid orders ter hike fer de loser. Den we all turns in an' does de unconscious so yer could 'o counted us out. 'Long 'bout an hour, de fire low, our feets was in de frigids, an' de boss makes Bill get up and t'row on one er two loads o' ker'sene. Den we does de unconscious again. How long, de clock don't tell. De dog barks, we comes out o' de coma, an' you knows de rest."

His narrative ended, the little man looked at the one whom he acknowledged as "boss," seemingly awaiting orders. The latter stepped forward and took up the thread where it had been dropped, with an evident desire to offer corroborative testimony to that which had already been presented.

"Yer finds yer kid," said he, "up agin de log snugged in my sealskin, yer dog er layin' by. De night air is cool, like yer see. De kid gets de draw on de blouse, an' I flops in me shirt-waist, back facin' de fire. I ain't no M. D., but I figgers it out how I kin giv' de kid de odds er wrastlin'

wid de croup. I tells me pards 'tain't mor'n right, fer he treats us on de square.

"Yer gets yer kid, an' yer gets yer dog. Yer dog's got de prejewdis; but we don't tap 'im on de temple an' trow 'im in de creek. De proof is overwhelmin' 'bout what I said afore."

A confirmatory nod came from his two companions.

"Me an' my pards ain't got no grudge. Our sympat'ies is wid yer, fur 's dey kin reach. But we'se all orphuns. W'at I means, an' w'ich is w'at I wants ter advu'tise, we ain't none uv us never had no kid ter lose. Consequence, our deep feelin's don't rise to de surfuss o' de o'casion — like yer knows how 't is yerself."

As he spoke the last words the man stepped back beside his companions and there was silence for a moment. Then John quickly went up to them and returned the ready grasp of the hand offered by each, at the same time expressing to them his confidence in their good intentions.

In the next ceremony, as I was seated on the log with baby sleeping in my lap, the three came up to me as the shepherds of old might have approached the Madonna.

As I gave each one a word he glanced at baby

and withdrew. Lastly the big man, in turning away, drew his rough fingers over baby's closed hands, and said:

"He treated us on de square."

CHAPTER XVII

ACROSS THE GREAT RIVER

O, this great big happy cruel world! How careless it is of one's tenderest feelings. One's soul, in constant peril, seems to be tossed on a sea of emotion and the slightest shifting of the wind may threaten or bring disaster. Well, it may be that we need trials to chasten us — the preachers, or the Bible, say so — but I've often thought I would like to live in a world where it wasn't necessary. I'm sure I should be good!

Our return to camp over the rough and winding road was somewhat trying, but rendered the lighter for the gladness in our hearts because of the precious burden that John, with occasional stops to rest, shifted from shoulder to shoulder. With lamp in hand I lighted the way for his feet, while Gyp marched ahead with an air of conscious pride strongly expressive of a sense of duty well done.

We reached camp long after midnight. It was undisturbed. The only demonstration was Bron-

co's whinnying protest against such unwonted neglect.

After a hasty bite we were soon prepared for rest and, with ample blankets, were snug and warm. Baby did not sleep in his hammock that night. I took him under the cover with me, his head upon my arm.

My mind and heart were full and I lay awake for hours. Finally my eyes closed, I was lost, and I dreamed.

I saw a beautiful vision of a sleeping Child with a halo above its head, and, staff in hand, shepherds coming to worship and speaking low. And my heart was filled with an exceeding great joy. High in the heavens above the stars assembled from all quarters of the sky and in resplendent letters of gold formed the word "Mother." And a smile o'erspread the face of the sleeping Child and the air was filled with organ tones and the walls of a great cathedral rose about me and on the marble floor I knelt and clasped my hands and prayed. And I too worshipped the Child.

Then the cathedral faded, the shepherds were gone, the sky was dark, the air was chill and the forest trees grew thick and close and I felt alarm. But a strong arm clasped me and a near voice

said, "You must rely upon me." And I rested my head and was content.

But still the Child was there.

We all slept late. Baby was first to awaken, and I was aroused by feeling his little hands trying to open my eyes.

Soon we were at work. The memories of the

"Gyp pricked up his ears and listened."

night we did not refer to. We found vent for our feelings in lavishing caresses on baby.

Gyp, too, the little hero, came in for a full share of attention. He was perfectly conscious of the part that he had performed and knew full well that he was talked about, for when he was the subject of remark Gyp pricked up his ears and listened with an air of pride and satisfaction.

The morning was beautiful and it was a new experience to be camping in the thick forest with just enough space between the trees to admit a few beams of checkered sunlight. In his tramp after water the night before John found it necessary to go a long distance, but by so doing he discovered that the wagon-trail by which we had entered the forest and reached our camping-spot, more than a quarter of a mile to the westward led to another highway which bordered an inviting open country. Here was a rapid stream of considerable size where he had obtained the small supply of water with which he had returned to camp. It would not be necessary, John said, for us to retrace our steps; we could continue on the trail and take the new road which he had discovered. This we did, glad to avoid the rough way by which we had come, linked with such painful memories.

As soon as we could we started. After driving for but a short distance the trees grew thinner and we finally came to a well-worn country road which ran northward and then bore off to the west again. At the place where the road made its first turn there was an old bridge crossing a rocky stream.

From the region of our night's adventure we made our way steadily westward, though by many winding roads.

"We visited
the Wisconsin's rocky dells."

For several days I had occasion to carry with me one keen regret. The trying ordeal of that

awful night was not without its effect on John. His cough was worse, and the little silver thread in the slender glass tube told its own story of the results of the exposure. But, happily, in little more than a week it was down again, and the other signs all disappeared.

The scenery in the part of the country that we now traversed was more varied than any we had yet seen. We visited the Wisconsin's rocky dells, lingering long enough to get many views of its high and precipitous walls. Beyond this, Devil's Lake, with its rough and rugged shores fashioned of curiously wrought rocks, gave added interest to our trip. Here, as we were encamped at a nearby spot we engaged a boat and went out upon the water. John took the oars while I sat in the stern with baby at my knee.

But, though the country was most attractive we did not remain long. Daily we consulted the map, which showed every town and railway. One evening, in studying it over, we found that we were gradually approaching the Mississippi.

"O, John," I said; "why not cross the river and go up on the other side for some distance? Can't we do so?"

Before answering John made a tracing on the map with his pencil. Finally he said:

not a Crusoe, then an abandoned cave, with evidences of former habitation, or strange animals, or buried treasures if the soil were turned or a rock displaced. A lone island is always suggestive of strange and unaccustomed things.

And so I found it to be in this instance. I leaned forward and attempted to peer among the distant trees, intent upon justifying the creation of my fancy. But there was no appearance of life save a bird which seemed to be in search of something among branches that overhung the water. "Ah!" I thought; "no bird can be made a prisoner on an island." As I watched, the bird settled quietly on a low-hanging bough. There it sat motionless. I called John's attention to it.

"It's up to some scheme," said he.

Why is it that men so quickly detect a "scheme" when appearances are so innocent?

Presently the bird seemed to drop to the water like a stone, but immediately rose again and regained its place on the branch. A small fish was in its beak.

"Kingfisher," said John.

"Why didn't the foolish fish quickly get out of the way when it saw it coming?"

"Couldn't," said John. "Water is a denser medium than air."

"The little craft came rapidly down the narrow channel."

At this instant, from around the head of the island a new object made its appearance. It was a small steam-yacht which proved to have a pleasure party on board. The little craft came rapidly down the narrow channel. Soon we heard

the sound of music. As the boat drew near we saw a party of young people on the deck, and mandolins and guitars furnished the notes that reached our ears. The soft strains coming over the water were very sweet. When directly opposite, a young girl who stood at the rail caught sight of us and in playful spirit waved her handkerchief. In order not to appear discourteous I returned the salute as the busy little craft swept by. In a few minutes it appeared as a small object on the broad expanse of water a mile below.

What a dear kind old world this is, and how full of human interest! In a thousand different directions we cross one another's paths and a glance or a smile or a nod or a wave of the hand which meets with quick response, announces that we are members of the same great secret order, and the pass-word is correct. It costs so little! It means so much!

CHAPTER XVIII

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

The nexth day I met with an adventure which, I trust, may never be repeated. We were encamped at a spot — as usual, near the edge of a high bluff — fourteen miles further up the river.

It was a warm June day. The air was close and muggy and the mosquitoes were more industrious than ever. While John was getting out the stove and gathering fire-wood I started with Bronco to find a way to the river's edge where he could drink. I invited Gyp to go with me, but he courteously declined. Since the night's adventure in which he figured so conspicuously Gyp never would leave camp unless baby also was one of the party. Being thus deprived of Gyp's company I started off with Bronco.

Not far from camp I came upon a roadway which wound down the side of the high bluff. It was much after the fashion of the bluff on the shores of Lake Michigan where we first stopped after leaving Chicago.

The sides of the roadway were lined by thick bushes which were backed by a growth of small trees. As the path neared the water's edge there was a steep pitch of a dozen feet, then a railroad track, and shortly beyond this was the river, its swift current eating into the bank.

Bronco was obediently following me as I led him by his halter-strap. He stumbled along in an awkward fashion as horses do in descending a steep incline. Our journey was uninterrupted until we were within a short distance of the railroad track. At this moment from out the bushes on the right there suddenly appeared a large, rough-looking man. He wore an old straw hat, a loose hickory shirt, brown trousers and heavy muddied shoes. His bleary face gave evidence of both ancient and recent use of liquor.

As he emerged from the bushes the man stood not two yards from me. With two steps more he took a position in the roadway directly in front of me, barring my passage. Since he gave evidence of no intention to let me proceed, I stopped. I would have done so in any event, for I did not at all like the man's looks. He was first to speak.

"Kin I help ye, leddy?" said he.

From the instant I first saw the man come out

of the bushes I was apprehensive. Now I was thoroughly alarmed. I became quickly convinced that he meant to do me harm. I determined at once to turn about and hasten back up the hill. But before I had time to make a move the man took several quick steps towards me until he was almost within arm's length.

"Gimme the chain," said he, extending his hand. "It's a purty one."

Owing to the intense heat of the day I had loosened the neck-band of my waist in order to expose my throat to the cooling effects of what little breeze might be stirring. This revealed the gold chain that I always wore, to which was attached a locket, containing John's and baby's pictures.

As he uttered the last words the man was about to reach forward and grasp the object of his demands.

I was now terror-stricken and unable to make a sound. I dropped the halter-strap from my hand, turned with one quick step and threw my arms about Bronco's neck. The man was almost as quick as I was. His rough hand was about to grasp my throat. I felt the first rude touch of his fingers and heard his panting breath. I was then first able to cry aloud. In terror I screamed.

No need to repeat the cry. My rescuer was near.

In the few moments that it took for these events to occur Bronco was becoming more and more restive. But when the man finally approached so near as to be within Bronco's reach and I was threatened the storm burst forth. The animal in an instant was transformed into a demon of fury. With head thrust forward, ears laid back, eyes blazing and mouth open wide Bronco uttered a shrill half-human cry. As he did so he came down on the man's shoulders with his wide open jaws. He then closed them with viselike grip and bore down upon the object of his wrath as a hound might crush a hare.

The man's agony must have been terrible. His arm dropped helpless to his side. He did not cry, but groaned. His legs trembled and he sank to the ground as Bronco released his grip upon his shoulder. At this instant I am sure the affair would have ended in deathly tragedy had I not interfered. With sense of safety my strength returned. I saw the design of the infuriated beast — he would have crushed the prostrate man with his hoofs. Quickly I reached to his head and

covered his eyes with both my hands. He struck with his feet, but missed his victim.

"Run, man, run!" I shouted. "You'll be killed. Run quick, for I can't hold him!"

The man had barely strength enough left to act upon my command. With one arm still hanging helpless at his side he raised himself by aid of the other, got to his feet and with a few steps disappeared among the bushes to the left.

With his victim now out of sight I was not long in being able to control Bronco. Once more I clasped my arms about his neck and cried and kissed him and kissed him and cried again. Dear Bronco! Brave Bronco! My protector and faithful friend!

I believe all animals have souls.

In a moment more John, who had heard my first cry, came rushing down the steep incline with baby under one arm and Gyp following after. In a few words John received my account of what had happened. Leaving baby with me, in great excitement and uttering many dire threats he started off in the direction that I indicated to find, if possible, the author of all the trouble. But though, aided by Gyp, he made wide and thor-

" Its two tall stacks
outlined against the sky."

ough search along the river bank it was without result. The man had made good his escape.

After watering the horse we all returned to camp.

But there we found evidence that in our absence the place had been visited, no doubt by the one of whom John had been in search. The man had, on leaving me, probably made a short detour, climbed the high bluff and while we were looking for him below come upon the deserted

camp. Fortunately what he took was not of great value, though necessary to our immediate comfort, for it consisted of food which John had laid out for our approaching meal. Without much trouble, however, the deficiency was supplied and we congratulated ourselves that our loss was not greater and that the entire affair had ended without more serious results.

The next day as we were pursuing our way along the river road, which in some places would leave the high bluff and wind along near the water's edge, I saw a craft which to me was new and strange. I first sighted it far up the river, with its two tall stacks outlined against the sky.

"Look, John," said I; "the boat is behind a low flat island. And see, it moves!"

"Acres and acres of logs."

"What, the boat?" asked John.

"Yes," I replied, "and the island, too. See, it is pushing it along. How curious! What does it mean?"

"It's a raft of logs," said John, "going down to the saw-mills at La Crosse. Wait a short time and you'll see."

It was as John said. It was not long before the great thing approached and the course of the river brought it very near to our bank. In front of the wheezing boat was an immense raft made up of what seemed to be acres and acres of logs, all bound together, which the boat slowly pushed down the stream.

"Each season," said John, "many millions of feet of logs are in this way rafted to the mills at the various towns along the river."

In the evening of this day, after baby was asleep John and I sat for hours on the edge of the bluff, but a few yards distant from the spot where the wagon stood. After the sun was down we enjoyed a new sensation in viewing the unusual scene. The moon, due several hours later, had not yet appeared, and the early night was dark. Long we sat, looking out upon the black mass of water.

Finally, far up the river, there appeared a great arm of light reaching towards the sky and swaying and swinging in silence.

"See, John, that strange light. What is it?" I asked.

"The search-light of a river-boat," replied John. "Wait and you'll see something handsome."

We watched. The light drew nearer. The effect was peculiar. That the great beam should so rapidly sweep the sky and make no noise seemed to me very strange. Such wild pyrotechnic display ought to be accompanied by the sound of bursting bombs and screeching rockets. But all was as still as solitude.

A few minutes later, far up the river, we saw two lights, one red the other green, like the eyes of some unearthly monster from whose forehead projected the swaying beam that swept the heavens. Now a sound could be first heard. It was a tremulous motion of the air, a soft beating and wheezing like the breathing of the approaching beast. The colored eyes seemed to remain motionless, only gradually growing larger, while the great beam came down from the sky and searched the river from bank to bank and the broad ex-

panse of water between. Now the accompanying sound gradually increased in volume and a steady coughing, chug, chug, chug, was momently repeated. As the thing drew near a new sight was presented; the monster floated broadside to us

"The belated moon raised its forehead above the distant tree-line."

and showed a double line of beaded lights, extending from stem to stern, while from its mated funnels poured forth two long black clouds of

smoke lost in the darkness as they trailed far up the river.

Thus it passed, and passing left the impression of a great brilliant busy wheezing mailed beast intent upon finding its way from land of North to land of South. The last sign we saw of it was a swaying beam of light sweeping the sky far below.

We sat a short time longer until the belated moon raised its forehead above the distant tree-line and peered at us across the river. Then we sought our couches and retired.

CHAPTER XIX

I FAINTED AGAIN

On the second day after crossing the river we stopped a short time at Winona to replenish some depleted stores. As John came out from a place where they sold hardware I saw him slip a small object into his coat pocket.

Some time later, while on the road, I asked:

"What is it?"

"If any more road-agents come to camp after lockets or grub I'll give them a hot reception," replied John.

On saying this he brought forth a small revolver and placed it in my hand. It had not yet been loaded and I examined it carefully and snapped it several times.

"We may have use for it," said John, returning it to his pocket.

Just before leaving Winona, as we were driving along the handsome river front we saw an excursion boat from out in the stream come up to the landing, pause for a short time, take on more

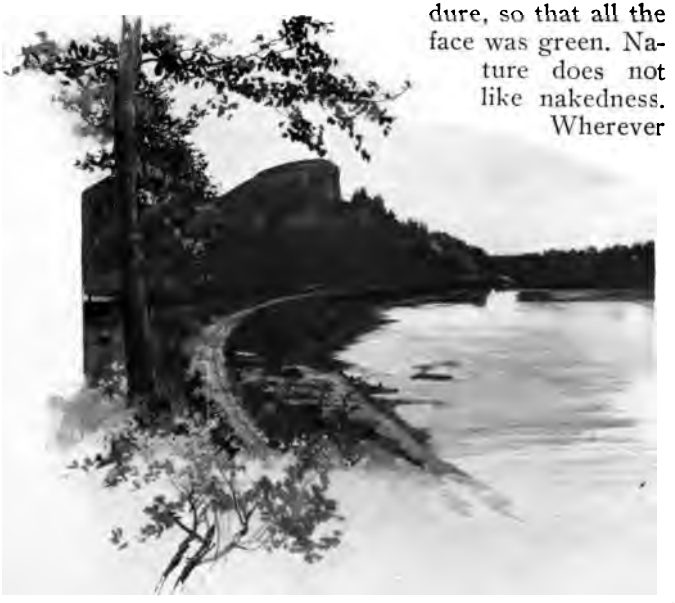
passengers and then pull out to the middle of the stream and, with the music of a band borne across the water, resume its journey to the north.

We were three days on the road from Winona to Red Wing, another thriving town on the west bank of the Mississippi. In the course of this journey we passed for several miles where the

"We saw a boat from out in the stream come up to the landing."

river widens out forming Lake Pepin, a beautiful but treacherous body of water, the scene of many disasters. Near the farther shore we saw two young lads in a crazy boat with improvised sail, and trembled for their safety. But later we saw them land, escaping harm.

The scenery back from the river above Lake Pepin was the most picturesque of any we had come upon on the Minnesota side. The land rose into great hills, almost young mountains. They were divided by narrow valleys and steep-walled canyons, evidently cut and gorged by rushing torrents, if not by glaciers, ages and ages ago. But on the precipitous sides, wherever it was possible for a little mold to rest, there was clinging verdure, so that all the face was green. Nature does not like nakedness. Wherever



"Another hill was topped by a great bare rock."

"From our lofty eyrie
we saw the abode of man
far below."

possible she clothes the earth with grass and trees and vines and ferns and moss, and the smooth face of the rock is splattered with spreading lichens gray as an old man's beard. The background of shaded green prepared by this great artist is strewn with vari-colored flowers, and the warm rain falls and the clouds disperse and the sun looks down and the earth smiles and gladdens the heart of man. I wonder if nature is conscious of her own beauty? Is there a soul in rocks and trees and flowers and rushing streams?

It seems as though it must be so.

High on one hill-side was a lime-kiln, a great dump of shattered rock showing where man had marred the face of nature, and indicating the near vicinity of his busy abode. Another hill was topped by a great bare rock, in appearance fulfilling all the conditions of a baron's castle, though older by ages than any castle that ancient land can boast.

At noon we stopped for luncheon under the shadow of this great hill. After eating we climbed its sloping sides by a well-worn path and rested near the walls of the castle.

From our lofty eyrie we saw the abode of man far below. In another direction our eyes ranged over many miles of winding river.

On resuming our journey we were not long in reaching the little town which we had viewed from our lofty perch. We stopped at a store but for a moment and then pushed on to a camping-spot scarcely a mile beyond.

The days were still warm. Because of the heat we made an earlier stop than usual. We at once began preparations for our meal, in order to get through with it and enjoy the long summer evening that would follow. After dinner was over, as

I was washing the dishes I turned to the stove to get more hot water from the tea-kettle. But I failed to secure any. The small quantity had boiled away and the kettle was dry. As I lifted it from the stove the spout fell off and rolled to the ground.

"O, John," I cried, "here is accident and disaster."

"What is it?" asked John, coming to the stove with the dish that he was wiping still in his hand.

"See," said I; "the spout has melted off the tea-kettle. What shall we do? I cannot get along without it."

"Nothing to do but to have it mended," said John. "I will take it down to Red Wing at once."

"In this hot sun?" I asked.

"I shan't mind the walk," he replied. "I can

"Our eyes ranged over many miles of winding river."

take it easy and still be back in an hour. If your piebald horse recognized the authority of anyone on earth but yourself I could strap a blanket over his back and ride down and back."

"John," said I, "you must not make any disparaging remarks about my dear good Bronco, more especially after what happened last Tuesday."

"I beg your pardon, dear, and Bronco's, too," said John in all sincerity. "I wouldn't do him an injustice for the world."

"Don't, dear, don't," I besought.

"I won't," repeated John. "But this reminds me of another matter. In my absence supposing a rough man should come to the camp? What would you do?"

"I would grab baby rush to Bronco's side and leave the rest to Gyp," I replied promptly. "And I would like to see any man dare to touch me," I added.

"That is all very well," said John, "and would, no doubt, be great protection if only one man came along, but if there were two of them you might even then have trouble. If I should leave the new revolver with you do you think you would use it in an emergency?"

"Use it? Of course I would use it," said I. "I would shoot the first man I saw."

"O," exclaimed John, "you needn't be so sanguinary as that. You might do violence to an innocent party. But I think I can trust you with the weapon, and trust you to take care of yourself."

Saying this, after carefully loading the revolver and showing me how to use it John handed it to me and I put it into the pocket of my skirt, ready for action should the occasion arise.

After John was gone I put away the dinner dishes and cleaned up. As I was in the wagon replacing articles belonging in one of the square tin boxes up near the front seat I found that there was a small hole in the muslin bag in which I kept our supply of sugar, and sugar was sprinkled over everything. I at once carried the box out and set it on the ground beside the wagon, the curtains of which I had raised. Then I began a general cleaning of everything that the box contained. On the fresh grass I laid bags and packages, and bottles of pickles and catsup and olives. Baby, imagining he was helping me, sat beside the tin box putting things in when he should take them out and taking them out when he should put them

in. With a damp cloth I wiped off every sticky thing and laid all in the sun to dry.

As I was engaged in this task John returned with the kettle nicely mended.

"No visitors?" was John's first question, as he went to the stove and placed the kettle on it.

"Only birds, and I wouldn't use your fire-arms on them," I replied, as I took the weapon from my pocket and placed it on a chair. "Here is your revolver," I added. "Come and get it."

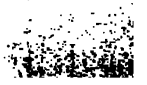
"In a moment," called John.

I climbed into the wagon, carrying with me the empty tin box, now nicely cleaned and dried. As I started out to get the articles that belonged in it, still lying on the grass in the sun, I suddenly heard a sharp report like the near discharge of a gun and glancing out saw baby prostrate on his back a stream of crimson discoloring one little arm which lay limp at his side.

"O, John!" I screamed.

I tried to throw myself from the wagon, stumbled, fell to the ground, and fainted.

How long I was unconscious I did not know. My returning senses revealed John's face above me and a feeling of something cold upon my brow.



"Come, dear heart," said John. "Don't worry. Baby is all right. It was the bottle of 'Snider's.' "

I fainted again.

CHAPTER XX

THE BANKS OF THE ST. CROIX

At noon of the next day we were at Hastings, another little town still farther up the river, opposite the mouth of the St. Croix.

Here we found that it would be necessary to recross the Mississippi, otherwise we would be carried too far away from our objective point in the Badger State.

At Hastings, there being no bridge, we crossed the river on a ferry-boat, a new experience for Bronco, as well as for ourselves,

Above the town as we approached the river in order to wait for the ferry boat to make its return trip from the other side, a floating palace of the "Diamond Jo" line came in sight and majestically moved down the stream.

Soon the ferry appeared, and we drove the wagon over a wide gangway and on to its low deck. In this way we were carried across the river. After landing on the Wisconsin side we started on our way up the banks of the St. Croix,

which, between its high bluffs, seems to be hidden away in this fair green land.

There came over me, on viewing the scene, the sense of having been in precisely the same spot at

"A floating palace
majestically moving down the stream."

some previous time in my existence. As the impression became stronger I gazed intently across the water to the distant hills, then up and down the river, and seemed to recognize everything that met my view. I tried to summon into my

mind all the circumstances of that past experience which seemed to be so reproduced. I tried to recall its antecedent events, and it seemed that I could do so. I thought that on that previous dreamy occasion I had turned and looked far in the opposite direction and had seen a herd of cattle, some white and some red, grazing on a hillside. I turned my head, and there, far across the intervening fields, quietly grazing, were cattle, some white and some red. I was almost startled by the impression of what seemed to be a kindling memory. I told John about it and he said that he, as well as others, occasionally had such experiences, and the psychologists had studied the subject and said something about its being due to what they call "double consciousness." I replied that it was beautiful to have such double consciousness of pleasant things, but it must be horrid when things are bad.

Into my mind there came memories of having heard, many years before, of the St. Croix, of the river, the lake and the dells. It must have been in early school-days, in a "reader," or a geography. But this would not account for the accuracy of the picture in my mind, or the familiar appearance of the cattle which came into view on turning my head.

For many miles the road skirted the side of the high bluff. Below was the beautiful winding river; inland, a broad stretch of undulating green reaching back to distant hills, the surface of the nearer country being cut up into farms and dotted here and there with white houses and red barns.

When we made our usual short stop at noon we left the road on the high bluff and descended by a trail which zig-zagged down to the water's edge, for the sloping sides were nowhere steep and bare, but gently inclined and covered with verdure, heavy grass, bushes, and an occasional small tree. For his drink I led Bronco to the very water's edge.

There we spent a right pleasant hour. The winding course of the river, hidden above and below by projecting bluffs, made the section where we were appear like a land-locked lake. While we were resting after our luncheon we heard, up the river, a series of puffing sounds, and soon from beyond the bend there entered our little lake a boat, pushing before it one of the great rafts of logs, of which we had seen so many on the great river below. Slowly the boat drew towards us puffing at its task, like some great draft-animal tugging at a heavy load. And yet it

seemed to drift so easily that the surface of the water was scarcely disturbed by the boat's revolving wheel. The favorite channel of navigation brought it close to our shore, so that the white-shirted man in the pilot house, attracted by the unaccustomed sight, stepped to the side and looked down upon us as though to familiarize himself with our appearance in case, in the course of his voyages, he should ever come upon such strange creatures again.

After a short afternoon ride along the edge of the high bluff we chose our camping spot for the night. Again we went down to the foot of the bluff, and yet some distance back from the water's edge where a recess in the steep sides of the land formed an amphitheatre. It was an ideal camping-place. We were shut in on all sides but one, that towards the water.

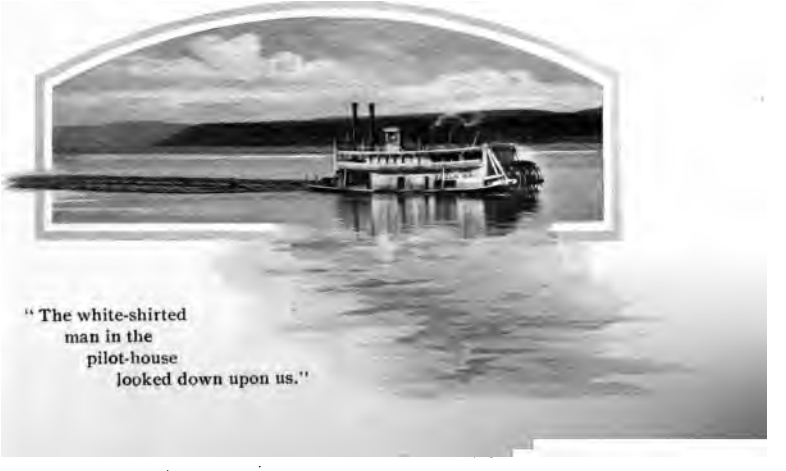
There is a sense of company and comfort in the near vicinity of high ground which level country cannot give. A hill seems to have a soul. One can nestle in its embrace and feel protecting arms thrown out. One can talk to it, and receive replies. But who ever talks to the prairie? It could make no response, for it is dumb.

In our journey up the right bank of the St.

Croix we traveled through farming country until reaching the little town of Hudson, on the banks of the St. Croix, built upon a plateau above the river's edge where the high hills are set for some distance inland. Above the town a long iron bridge of many spans crosses the broad river affording rail communication with the Minnesota shore and the Twin Cities, twenty miles beyond.

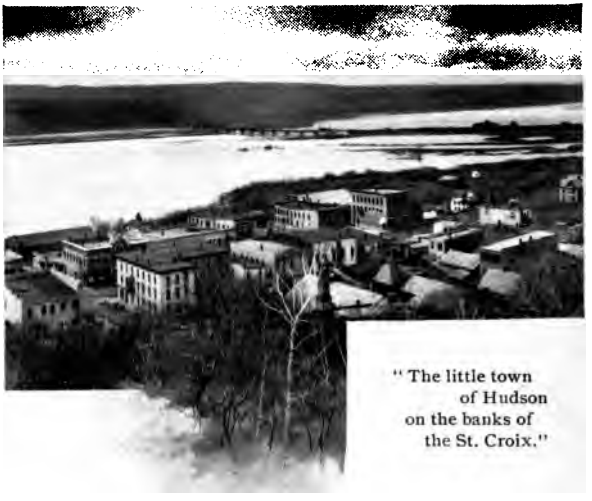
We drove the length of Main street — every town has its main-street — and near its upper end stopped at the "Corner Drug Store" in order to obtain chemicals for development work, for the picturesque country through which we had passed had kept my camera busy.

The proprietor of the drug store, a corpulent man beaming with good nature, on seeing our ark before his door could not refrain from making polite inquiries. On learning the purpose of our journey he volunteered to tell us in what part of



"The white-shirted man in the pilot-house looked down upon us."

the northern country he thought we could find the conditions most suitable for our peculiar mode of life.



"The little town of Hudson on the banks of the St. Croix."

"Don't go too far north," said he, by way of suggestion. "And don't keep on the go. Find a suitable spot near some pleasant little lake — Wisconsin is full of them — and settle down. Now, there is Little Bear Lake, up in Washburn County ——."

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "John, that's the county the Murtrys visited last summer, only they went to Long Lake, they said."

"The same," continued the druggist. "Some call it 'Long,' but it's 'Little Bear' on all the maps. There's an old Dutchman up there who can't pronounce its proper name without stuttering, so he tells people it's 'Long.' And so it is in statute miles but not in nomenclature. I was up there on a fishing trip a year ago, and I know it's the ideal place for what you want. There's a little cape along the shore just above the Dutchman's farm that ought to suit you to a 't.' It's called Indian Point. Don't fail to see it."

"How far is the lake from here?" asked John.

"About seventy-five miles the way a wild goose flies, but you'll find it somewhat farther the way you travel," was the answer. "You can get there in considerably less than a week — if you've got a good horse," he added, glancing to the street.

"O, yes," said I, "we have a very good horse indeed."

"Glad of it," said the druggist, again glancing out of the open door.

At this moment our corpulent friend was called away to wait upon a customer and John and I

held a conference over the matter that had been submitted to us.

As a class I have always noted that druggists are not inclined to be fat; they are usually a spare and thin people. But this one was an exception. He probably turned the scales at two hundred. As he spoke he had a way of snapping his eyes to punctuate his sentences, while his speech was delivered in an emphatic manner, and at each pause he would compress his lips in a way which seemed to say that to question his authority or to contradict would be time wasted and the extremest height of folly. Then a quiet smile would steal into his eyes which would seem to say — "It is not my intention to be severe; I am merely cutting off debate."

"Years ago," said the druggist on his return, "my brother was in ill-health, and he made such a trip as you are now taking, and it did him worlds of good. He, however, went West, to the mountains of Colorado.

"But there is no purer air in all the world than that which blows through the pines up here in Wisconsin. It's as full of ozone as a candle is of grease. Ozone is the great life-giver. If I could sell bottled ozone out of my store it would

do the people more good than all the nerve-tonics on the shelves. But, not being able at present to bottle up ozone, and there being somewhat of a demand for bitters I make it my business to supply the demand. If Teppler would come up here and liquefy the air he would catch the ozone along with the rest of it, and could ship it East in paying quantities. It could be used to purify city atmosphere — I mean in a sanitary way. In other ways — fire and brimstone!" he concluded, snapping his eyes and compressing his lips.

"Watching us from his doorway."

As a result of our conference with Mr. Ernie, as his card showed his name to be, John and I decided to cease our aimless wandering and try the plan of settling down for a permanent stay in some agreeable spot. We were very ready to accept the suggestion of our new acquaintance and seek the vicinity of Little Bear Lake.

After getting all necessary information we

made our start. As a final suggestion the proprietor of the "Corner Drug Store" advised us to drive far enough out of our route to visit Willow River Falls, six miles distant, which was a favorite picnic spot for Hudson people. This suggestion we accepted. As Bronco started up we looked out and waved adieu to our genial friend who was watching us from his doorway.

We were well repaid by going somewhat out of our way in order to make a short stop at Willow River Falls, where we ate luncheon seated on the rocks in its picturesque little glen with rushing stream and silvery cascade.

It was one of the charms of our mode of life that we could make all nature contribute to our enjoyment by having such freedom in the choice of our places of rest.

The next few days were uneventful. We had no difficulty in following the road which we had been advised to take. The first considerable town was New Richmond, which we recalled as having been the scene of the terrible cyclone of the previous year. There still remained ample signs of the destructive visit and the inhabitants with whom we spoke seemed eager to tell of what to them was a fatally interesting historic event.

"In its picturesque little glen with
rushing stream and silvery cascade."

At noon of the second day after passing through the cyclone-stricken town we were at a

"Ample signs of its destructive visit."

little place called Rice Lake, on the railroad that runs up to Lake Superior. As we were leaving the place a passenger-train drew up to the little station, paused for a moment, and then sped on to the northward. This proved to be the last

time for many weeks that we were to hear the screech of the whistle which, the world over, is the herald of advancing civilization.

We had learned that Little Bear Lake, our objective point, was eighteen miles distant in a northeasterly direction. There was a good road, we were told, over which a stage made three trips weekly. We found the traveling excellent. The way was along a high divide, a sort of a backbone to the country which lay on either side.

We camped that night fifteen miles from Rice Lake, so that it was early the next day that we drew near our destination.

We were now but half a mile from the lake which had become the objective point of our trip. The road wound up the side of a high hill. At the summit our first view of the lake burst upon us. It showed a long, narrow sheet of water extending far to the northward. The surface was ruffled by a slight breeze. The curving shores were lined to the very water's edge by trees of vari-tinted green. With a background of wooded country stretching away to meet the sky line of the far horizon, and the deep blue of the broad expanse above broken by great masses of white clouds it formed a picture most pleasing to the eye and inviting to repose.

To one side of the stage-road, at the top of the hill, was a small building occupied by a man, his wife, two children and three dogs. On the glass pane of the window to the right of the doorway was some rude lettering which spelled out the word "Post Office."

John entered and learned that letters mailed anywhere in the world, if properly stamped and addressed "Nobleton, Wis.," would eventually find their way to the little front room beside the doorway of the humble abode of this man, his wife, two children and three dogs. When called for by the proper person such mail-matter would be delivered by the man, his wife, or the older of the two children.

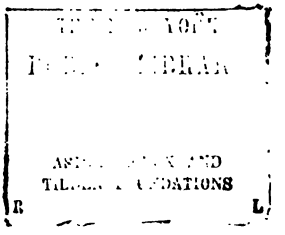
CHAPTER XXI

CAMP INDIAN POINT

On resuming our journey after stopping at the post-office on the hill a gentle descent soon brought us to what we recognized as being the farm of the old German described to us by the druggist at Hudson.

We drove past the house, stopping beside the fence opposite an old shack, the grounds about which were high grown with weeds. It was the only place that we saw signs of life. Outside the open door an old man was cleaning a gun. John got out of the wagon went through a gate and up a narrow path to where the old man was at work. As John approached the man paused in his task, grounded arms with the gun and stood at attention. He was dressed in a well-worn suit of jeans, with a straw hat and high boots into which his trousers were tucked. His face had decided German characteristics, the most peculiar feature about it being the appearance given by the manner in which he shaved. Lip and cheeks

"Outside the
open door
an old man
was cleaning a gun."


AND
FOUNDATIONS
R
L

and chin were smooth, the only bearded growth left by the razor being a continuous bushy fringe extending from ear to ear under the chin, forming what served the purpose of a protective covering to his throat.

When John returned to the wagon after his conference with the head of the house of I-don't-know-what, he conveyed to me the information he had received. It was to the effect that by continuing on the road which passed the old man's farm we would find the most eligible sites from which to choose our permanent camping spot. "Indian Point," he said, "is not far distant." This and much more of a nature to be useful to us he had learned. Among other things the gratifying information was received that if we stopped within easy reach of the farm we could depend upon it for our supplies of milk, butter, eggs, and even garden vegetables. The members of the family consisted of the old man, his wife, and a son, a boy of sixteen. As a final statement John told me the name of our prospective neighbor. It was an unpronounceable German name with a whole alphabet of letters in it.

"O, John," said I; "I shall never be able to remember such a name. Tell me it again."

John repeated the unfamiliar name.

"I never shall remember it, John," said I. "I shall not attempt to do so. I am going to call him the old Boer. Don't you see how much he looks like Kruger — same cut of the whiskers?" I inquired.

John turned his head and glanced back at the object of my remarks. At this moment the old man stood near the doorway of the old shack, rifle in hand, as though prepared to take a shot at us should we assume a warlike attitude.

"See, John," I repeated; it's old Kruger himself."

John laughed.

"Let it be so," said he. "The president of the Transvaal will probably never learn of it."

We started The winding road followed the wooded shore of the lake giving us many beautiful views of landscape and water-scape. For the most part the land at the water's edge was rough, rocky, and in many places logs and fallen trees lay half on land and half in water. After a drive of less than a quarter of a mile at a bend in the road we got our first view of Indian Point, a jutting piece of land extending out into the water. In a few minutes more we reached the place, stopped

the horse and in admiration gazed about. It was a gently sloping beach with sand as pure and white as any on ocean's shore. Above the beach the trees were set more openly than in the thick forest growth through which we had come. The earth was covered with a growth of grass and strewn with dried leaves and pine needles. No fairer spot in all the world could have been prepared for our summer abode. And so it was selected.

Driving up beneath the branches of a large oak, the central figure of the grove of elm and ash and maple and pine, we came to a final halt. As we jumped to the ground and lifted baby out

"We got our first view of Indian Point."

there came over us a sense of having reached home at last, notwithstanding the spot to us was scarce a minute old.

Our preparations for going into camp were made more carefully than had been the custom at our "one-night stands." The wagon was drawn up in a direction parallel with the shore of the lake so that when the awning was raised the bay-window of our dining-room would permit us to look out upon the water.

A permanent spot was chosen for Bronco. He was given a place beside a low-branched pine within easy speaking distance of the wagon. He was so stationed that he too could look out upon the lake and have presented to his gaze the view of water, wood and shore. It must be that other animals than man find satisfaction in viewing the harmonies of nature as presented to the eye, even as it is known that music appeals to their ear.

It was a busy afternoon that we passed. We entered into the spirit of establishing ourselves in our summer home with all the zeal that birds display in nest-building.

When our last meal of the day was finished, and the things cleared and put away we were glad of the pause that evening gave.

It was the last day of June.

The night was perfect. Looking off to eastward across the water and above the farthest tree-line the sky was dimly lighted by the approaching moon while above it was thickly studded with stars. A gentle breeze caused rippling waves to lap the beach with watery sound, added to by the chirp of crickets in the wood.

Baby was early asleep in his hammock, well covered with netting to protect him from the pests that waged a more active warfare with approach of night.

It still wanted several hours of the time when John and I would wish to sleep.

"John," said I, "supposing we have a campfire."

The suggestion was acted upon at once. There was plenty of fuel scattered about. We started the blaze with a few dead leaves and pine twigs, then added larger and larger pieces until finally a great dead branch of a tree was thrown over all and the flames shot upward lighting the camp and its surroundings and throwing a gleam far out upon the water. Notwithstanding the midsummer date the nights in the north-woods were cool and delightful. John put on his overcoat and I a wrap, and in our camp-chairs we sat by the fire until a late bedtime.

In the hours that passed we did not say much. We enjoyed the companionship of silence. What a mistake people make to think that social intercourse necessitates uninterrupted conversation. The mere presence of another inspires thought and prevents a feeling of lonesomeness. As I sat there, close to John's side, I felt that I could be content if I never saw the great world of people again; it was enough to have John and baby and our simple camp and the trees and rocks and lake and sky and stars and faithful Gyp and Bronco, and the sweet soft breeze and dancing fire-light and the peace that lay over all. So thinking my hand crept into John's great overcoat pocket and was clasped in his. With head against his arm I gazed out upon the waters.

"John, tell me of what you are thinking," said I after a long silence.

"Well, little one," said he — I always dearly loved to have John call me "little one" — "my thoughts were not very profound. I was thinking what it is that makes life most worth the living. It seems to me that this must differ with different persons. Some find their chief enjoyment in the acquirement of wealth — not in its possession but in its continued and continuous acquirement.

If this were not so, such men would reach a point where they would be content to stop, satisfied with their more than competence. But, no; they must ever seek to double their possessions, and then double that which has already been doubled. Thus they continue until they themselves are doubled with age. To these people there must be supreme gratification in feeding the faculty of acquisitiveness. To them, this is life. It is what makes life worth the living. But such persons are not to be envied. They are insensitive, unimaginative beings, and those who are deprived of the intellectual refreshments provided by the imagination of man lead a life of poverty. As compared to them the artist in his garret and the poet in his hut are endowed with untold riches. What wealth is there comparable to that of a Whitman, or of our own Eugene Field? Every draft they ever made upon the bank of Nature was promptly honored. What greater riches can there be!

"Then there are those whose ambition it is to gain place and power and to rule over men. All things else they sacrifice to this. To such, life's supremest satisfaction seems to be to gain what the world calls fame. Many — even those who achieve it — in the end say that it is an empty

bubble, not worth the effort. But in this I think they are wrong. Just fame is much to be desired. The life-history of such men is a part of the history of their country, and is an inspiration to youth. To gain fame is a worthy ambition, if worthily achieved. Many men find in it that which, to them, makes life worth the living.

"But to my way of thinking there is one thing that surpasses all others in filling man's soul with content. It is — well, it is comradeship. It is the true comradeship that may, and always should, exist between man and woman. When these two understand each other, appreciate each other, and have the confidence in and respect for each other which inspires love — well, that's all!

" 'And the soul of Jonathan was knit unto the soul of David, and he loved him as his own soul.'

"That's it! A thing that one loves as one's own soul stands a chance of coming in for a fair share of consideration.

"The plant called woman," continued John, "needs tender care. Receiving this, it will bloom and fill all the air with fragrance. But the petals close on the slightest chill. Almost any woman may be won by flattery ——"

I pinched John's arm.

"— if delicate and subtle and coming from the right source, but she must be held by kindness."

I snuggled my head to his shoulder.

"And so I would say that the greatest thing on earth is perfect comradeship between man and woman. That is life and its spirit is love."

John ceased speaking. For almost an hour longer we sat in silence, save for the sound of the breeze stirring the leaves and the water lapping the beach.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FISH MARKET

The days that followed were full of interest and full of work. We were never idle a moment save when John and baby took their afternoon naps, which both did with unfailing regularity. During the time that they were sleeping I would wander up and down the shore of the lake or penetrate into the woods about our camp watching the birds or gathering wild flowers, which I found in great variety.

Sometimes in the warm summer afternoons I too would sleep in my hammock. One day when he came out before I wakened John thus caught me napping.

In these early days our chief task was to establish permanent camp in order to surround ourselves with comforts and conveniences for our long residence.

The first thing that John did was to bring from among the rocks which in places lined the water's edge, four large flat stones. In transporting these

to camp Bronco's services were made use of. A large pine slab which the waters had cast upon the shore of the lake was fashioned into a rude

"John caught me napping."

sledge. By means of rope the sledge was fastened to Bronco's harness, and the stones, one at each trip, lashed to the sledge. While I led the horse John guided the loaded sledge and in this way we carried the rocks to camp. There

they were made to serve as a foundation for our ark. With a shovel, borrowed from the old Boer for the purpose, John dug a shallow hole in the earth beneath a wheel of the wagon, and into the excavation so made one of the stones was placed so that the wheel rested upon it. In this way, after the four stones had been placed, the wagon rested upon its rock foundation instead of upon the earth, into which, without this precaution, the wheels would gradually have sunk a short distance, so injuring both paint and wood.

After this task was done John, always an ardent sportsman, could wait no longer before making arrangements to start upon his first expedition with rod and line in order to provide our table with some of the fish with which the lake abounded. At noon of the second day he walked down to the farm of the old Boer to learn particulars about the necessary requirements.

After John had been away a little more than an hour I heard the sound of his whistle, but it came from the direction of the lake. In surprise I went down to the beach, and, failing to see any signs, continued my trip along the wooded shore. Still I could not see him, but I heard the sound of an approaching boat. Hastily removing my shoes

"'I see you, John,' I called."

and stockings I raised the edge of my skirts and waded out into the water. Peering beyond a bend was John in a small row-boat.

"I see you, John," I called.

"Go back to the beach," John shouted, "and I'll show you what I've got."

In my bare feet I waded around to the sandy shore.

"Here is our boat," said John, as he ran it up on the beach and, climbing to the bow, stepped out.

"O, John, where did you get it?" I asked, "and what is it for?"

"At the old Boer's. To row in," said he, replying to both my questions in order.

"Did he give it to you?"

"Yes, for a consideration," said John. "By paying him a weekly stipend of 'six-bits,' as they say up in this country, the use of the boat is ours for as long a time as we want it. Next to the tackle it is the most essential part of a fishing expedition on these waters. No fishing can be done from shore. In order to make a catch it is necessary to row out upon the lake and cast one's line into deep water. By pursuing this method the reward is such as to gladden the heart and gratify the appetite. At any rate, so says your old Boer."

"It is all very pleasing to know, John," I said. "But I don't understand why you should call him my old Boer. I have no proprietary interest in him."

"O, you named him," replied John, laughing, "and one always has a claim to that which one names. When I first spoke to him this noon I called him 'Oom Paul,' and but for the look of puzzled inquiry that he gave me I dare say I should have continued to address him in that way. But I compromised by getting much information about the fish, and leasing the 'Elsie.'"

The name of the boat was printed on its side, near the bow.

"John," I asked, "do you suppose that the old Boer chose the name for the boat?"

"I know that he did not," said John. "He told me that he got it a year ago last summer from a party of St. Louis people who brought it with them and didn't care to take it back. It is a good boat, and we'll make good use of it."

True to his resolve John did make good use of the boat the very next morning. He was up and out bright and early, leaving me still trying to catch a few winks more of sleep before throwing off slumber.

This was my regular morning habit. I would waken early, raise the edge of the curtain near my head and let the fresh soft breeze blow over my face. Then, in a state of dreamy wakefulness, I would lie for another hour. No one who has not gone through with it knows the delicious sense of luxury of such experience.

Somewhat later, when I was up and beginning preparations for breakfast I heard John's familiar signal. I replied with my whistle and at once went down to the shore of the lake. As I stepped beyond the line of trees I saw him. Below the beach he had run his boat up to the shore and had just stepped out. Protected by his high rub-

ber boots he was standing in about a foot of water. His broad-brimmed hat, with mosquito-

"Here's
your breakfast,
little one."

netting turned up, made him look like a Chinese Mandarin. As he caught sight of me he shouted:

"Here's your breakfast, little one."

On saying this he raised his arm and showed three fine black bass, the result of his morning's catch.

"The lake is full of them," he said, as, after securing the boat, he joined me to return to camp. "Are n't they beauties! In another hour I could have half filled the boat. But I wouldn't know what to do with them. Can you cook these for breakfast?" he asked, as, arrived at camp, he hung them on a bough out of reach of Gyp, who already was making sniffing inquiries regarding their edible qualities.

"You clean them, and I'll cook them," was my reply.

Putting on one of my gingham aprons John went at his part of the task while I continued preparations for breakfast.

When all was done, the table set and the meal served we had for our repast the third morning after our arrival fried fish, baked potatoes, hot biscuit, milk and coffee, with cream so rich that it would scarcely pour from the creamer.

"The fish is delicious," said John; "the best I ever ate. How do you cook it?"

"There is only one proper way to fry black bass," I replied. "Mrs. Murtry — she's a splendid cook, you know — told me how. This is my first attempt. Quite a success, isn't it?"

"A perfect triumph," said John. "But you have n't told me how you did it."

"By Mrs. Murtry's recipe. First I put some strips of fat bacon in the pan and fry the grease out. Then I roll the pieces of fish in graham flour — nothing but graham flour will do, Mrs. Murtry says — and put them into the hot bacon-grease. I cook it slowly, so as to cook all through, and then, towards the last, stir up the fire so as to make it crisp and brown on the outside. The salt I add when the fish is first put in the pan, and the pepper just before taking it out. Good, isn't it?" I asked.

"Never anything better. It is delicious," said John, as he helped himself to another piece while I was making sure there were no bones in that which I was preparing for baby.

From the time that we had John's first catch of black bass for breakfast fish formed a liberal share of our diet. The very next morning I went with John on the trip. Of course we took baby with us, leaving Gyp and Bronco to guard camp.

The fishing tackle was all laid out the night before, so that after a somewhat hurried breakfast we went direct to the boat, which John kept anchored near a large rock. My place was in the stern, with baby on a rug at my feet. John took an oar and shoved off; then, adjusting the two, he pulled out into the lake.

My line had been in the water scarcely five minutes when I felt something tugging at it.

"O, John!" I cried; "something is pulling at my line and running away with it."

"That's right," said John; "you've got a bite. Let out slowly a little, and then pull in steadily."

"'O, John!' I cried; 'something is pulling at my line.'"

I did as I was told. When again I pulled I was conscious that there was something at the end of the line resisting my efforts. I pulled the harder, and slowly it came. Finally, as it neared the surface of the water I could see a glistening, shining object struggling and squirming. With one last pull on my part it came from the water

and I swung it into the boat where it fell at John's feet. He held it up and cried:

"Bravo, little one! It's a seven-pound bass."

I was very proud of my catch, which proved to be the largest fish that either of us took for many days. John caught two fish, and then, having enough for our day's supply and for the next morning's breakfast, we pulled in our lines and returned to camp.

This was my first fishing experience with John but by no means my last. Every pleasant morning throughout the summer we began the day by going to the "fish market," as we called it. We limited our catch to our immediate wants, although, as John had said, it would have been possible to half fill the boat almost any day. Only once did we exceed our quota. On this occasion the fish bit so freely that in the excitement we kept throwing in our lines until, in less than two hours, we had a string of seventeen fine black bass, the largest weighing eight pounds and the smallest three. I caught seven, and John ten.

After returning to shore I strung the fish on a line suspended between two small catalpas and called to John to look at the exhibit.

When the young Boer came with the milk, soon after our return to camp, we gave him all

the fish not required for our own immediate wants and he trudged back to the farm with his

"I strung the fish on a line suspended between two small catalpas."

load tied to the end of a stout stick carried over his shoulder.

From the time that John brought in his first

catch to the end of our camp life at Indian Point fish was the staple article of meat diet on our table. By varying the form in which it was cooked

"The miracle of creation
unfolded before our eyes."

we never seemed to tire of it. I prepared it fried, baked, escalloped, devilled, and I made a fish chowder, which, with potato and tomato, became a favorite dish.

Not the least enjoyable part of our fishing ex-

perience was the early morning rising it compelled. I shall never forget our first view of a sunrise over the lake. John and I stood spellbound on the beach watching the glorious sight.

The crisp air of early morning was laden with the pungent incense of fir and spruce and pine. The woods were musical with the notes of birds, and opening flowers spread their petals to the dawn, while even the trees seemed to wave salute to the coming 'day. Gradually shadows enshrouding the lake faded and the miracle of creation unfolded before our eyes. Soon the drowsy east was dappled with spots of gray, and as the silent moments passed darkness vanished and the fretted tops of distant pines were touched with fire. Then when the sun appeared in all his ruddy splendor the pomp of commingling colors set the sky ablaze. On the calm surface of the water a golden pathway extended from the farther shore and all the tints of crimson, chrysophrase, amber, purple, lavender, pink and cerulean blue mantled in the sky were so mirrored that there seemed to be an equal grandeur in the heavens and upon the earth. Night's candle is burned out. The curtain is raised upon another day.

So comes the dawn in these primeval solitudes.

CHAPTER XXIII

CONSTANT CORRESPONDENCE

During the weeks that we were encamped at Indian Point I kept up a constant correspondence with Madge. I did my writing in the afternoons while John and baby were sleeping. Seated on a log by the water's edge with tablet in lap I scribbled many a long letter.

Several of my letters were written on sheets of birch bark. But when writing to Madge I always covered many sheets of note paper. In reply to her first letter I wrote:

CAMP INDIAN POINT,
LITTLE BEAR LAKE, *July 19, 18* .

"Dear Madge —

"You don't know how much good your letter has done me. It is perfectly delightful of you to tell me everything, for now I am almost as well informed as if I were right there with you. But you always were a splendid letter-writer, dear, and I envy you the accomplishment — for it is an accomplishment. Some people write so pokey.

"I wish you could visit us. I know you'd enjoy it. Our upstairs room is occupied by baby, and the basement is Gyp's domain, but if you wouldn't mind being

hung up on the limb of a tree (in a hammock) we could accommodate you without crowding. As for good things to eat — we'd stuff you! Of all airs for appetites —— !

"It is comforting to learn that the girls are all so well satisfied — it would be dreadful if they were not! I should feel awfully conscience-stricken. It is nice to go ahead in life and leave no regrets. Sometimes one has to retrace one's steps, and then it is awkward and embarrassing to have to meet the old regrets a second time. It is like coming upon discarded lovers in unexpected places.

"I trust that the janitor has put the screens in all the windows. If he has not, tell him I said he must do so at once. Don't let him neglect you in any particular. It is also his duty to wash the outsides of the windows. It's in the lease. He will impose upon you if he can. He lives with his wife in the basement, and he is inclined to be a little head-strong when he gets as high as the top flat.

"We are accomplishing all that we came for, and, Madge, you can imagine — no you can't — what joy and comfort it brings to me. John is ever-so-much better. I haven't heard him cough once in the last three weeks — yes, he did, too; Friday, about noon, but not once since. He is stronger and he doesn't get tired and his appetite is something to be proud of. He began to gain on the second day out and the improvement has been continuous, excepting one set-back in the second

week. It was exposure — at night — all about baby — I'll tell you about it when we get back.

"Baby is like a little pig, so fat and strong and well! The trip has done him worlds of good, and a better-natured little fellow you never saw. He is no trouble at all. You should see him cut little sticks with his tiny hatchet and bring them to be thrown upon the fire. It is his chief delight. The other day he said — but I must not devote my entire letter to telling baby's cunning little ways or I shall never get to the end.

"I am assured that the world 'do move.' There is no stopping it! To think that Celeste should have become engaged! And yet, I ought not to express surprise for I half suspected it early in the spring when I saw her at the Wiley's. There were symptoms, even then. It's good that it's summer so that she can be out with him a great deal. Flats are not well adapted to 'keeping company.' Somebody is bound to be inconvenienced if nobody wants to be embarrassed. Well, Joe Bagley may be the right one for her, but I have my doubts. Celeste is such a sympathetic little creature that she is liable to let herself be easily imposed upon, and Joe is too self-centered to make any sacrifices, so she will have to make them all (the woman always does). She is possessed of all the good qualities. She is, moreover, a thirty-third degree woman — never keeps a man waiting beyond the appointed time when getting ready to go to out with him.

"It is right for a man to be neat and nice — as Joe is

in his shoes and ties and hat and gloves and manners — but he ought not to be prim; that is, he ought not to reveal that he is conscious that he is 'nice.' It is easy enough to see what kind of a husband he will make. Celeste won't be able to do a thing with him. There are women who could manage him, but Celeste is not the one, and he knows it, and therefore he is taking a mean advantage of her and I think it is very selfish of him. After marriage there should always be mutual concessions; there must be in order to make a success of it. But the concessions won't be mutual or reciprocal in their case. I feel safe in predicting that in six months after he will cease to raise his hat to her and he will smoke in her presence without a word of apology, much less asking permission. Then Celeste, who is so sensitive, will feel the lack of attention and she will grieve over it but never say a word and he will notice something but, of course, will fail to understand and then he will call her 'queer' and Celeste's heart will be broken and there's an end to all her happiness. I can see it as plainly as if it had already happened. But it is useless to try to rescue her from her fate. There is no better way to burn one's fingers than to interfere in a love affair.

"I am in hopes, Madge, that the day may come when there will be a better understanding between man and woman, but I apprehend that the cause will not be promoted by the marriage of Celeste and Joe.

"Well, this is enough for now on the marriage ques-

tion. I didn't intend to touch upon the subject at all, but when I get started — well, you know that I have observed a great deal, having been about with mamma so much (and living in a flat three years) and I have always kept my eyes open, and one may learn a great deal in this world if one is not blind. I presume I have taken greater interest in the subject because I always feel so sorry for the women who are not so much blessed as I am.

"You'd better file this letter away and preserve it. Then you can take it out and read it if an assault on your heart is ever attempted (as it will be some day). You are too good for the common clay. No ordinary man is worthy of you. I pray for the security of your happiness. Now, isn't that good of me, when you haven't even asked my prayers, and it isn't you that's engaged to Joe? (Remember what I did once?) But you must not banish love from your heart. It is good to have some one to love and to care for you. Every woman must have an object upon which to bestow her affections. It's natural. Some are satisfied with a man while others prefer the society of a pet dog. But it must be some living thing. 'Philanthropic missions' and all that are well enongh in their way but they are not soul-satisfying. You can't feel their arms about your neck and they don't make your heart beat faster.

"Well, enough of this! Write me soon again and very often. Give my love to all the girls. John sends regards and there are kisses from baby.

"As always your affectionate *Old Tease.*

"P. S. When I return to Chicago I intend to set up as a clairvoyant: — 'Fortunes told; the future revealed; parted lovers brought together; happy marriages assured.' Will you come to me? (I don't like a *nice* man.)"

CHAPTER XXIV

"LOOKS LIKE A CIRCUS"

The domestic features of our camp life went on from day to day with unvarying regularity. As a meat diet fish was the staple, though we were by no means limited to it. Several times during the summer the old Boer killed a sheep and then fresh mutton was on our table. Once a hog went the way of the sheep, and another form of fresh meat varied the course. Regularly every Sunday we had beefsteak, sent up by stage from Rice Lake by the local butcher, who had our standing order.

Of vegetables, too, we had ample variety, and always fresh. On the fourth day of our residence at Indian Point, while John and Baby were taking their afternoon nap I walked down to the farm of the old Boer to investigate the matter of supplies of various kinds for our table.

From our camp to the farm was a short walk of only fifteen or twenty minutes. I passed the gate and went up the path to the house. It was

a warm July day and the front door of the house stood invitingly open. Seeing no sign of life I rapped. Then I rapped again, but still there was no response. I ventured to enter and rap upon an inner door. Still getting no reply I pressed the latch opened the door and entered the next apartment, which proved to be the kitchen, as neat and clean and orderly as a parlor. The rear door, like that in the front of the house, also stood wide open, but not a soul was in sight.

The view presented from the doorway showed a barn, built of three different structures joined together end to end. Near by were four sleek looking cows, one of which had already become the source of our milk supply.

"Near by were four sleek-looking cows."

Beyond the old barn was a meadow in which at the time of my visit the process of hay-making was under way. In part of the field the newly-cut grass was drying in the sun; in still another the cured hay was being loaded, in which task the entire family was engaged. The old Boer's boy was building the load, while Oom Paul and his wife, from the ground, were pitching great forkfuls of hay to the lad on the wagon.

And so I found that the woman, in all the work of the farm, attended not only to the domestic duties, but also she did a man's work in the field.

I made my way to the rear of the barn and into the meadow, where the process of loading hay was suspended long enough for those engaged in it to learn the nature of my errand.

I addressed myself to the old Boer, but it was the Boer's wife who made reply.

Could I get some fresh vegetables?

"Yah," I certainly could.

Could I have them at once?

"Yah," at any time.

Would some member of the family deliver them to me?

"Nein," it was not necessary. I could myself

go back to the garden and help myself to all that I wanted.

But how much should I pay for what I might take?

"Ein bit."

I made immediate payment and started back towards the house. After going a few steps I turned and asked if it would be convenient for them to let me have a dozen eggs at the same time.

"Yah," the eggs could be had.

How would I obtain them?

I could go to the barn and help myself.

Armed with this authority I went first to the barn. Guided by the cackling of a hen I soon found a new-laid egg, and in various nooks and corners still other egg-containing nests from which I quickly made up my dozen. I then sought the garden. There I plucked a plentiful supply of crisp lettuce, radishes and spinach, enough to supply our table for several meals.

The first experience in vegetable marketing was repeated every second day throughout the weeks that followed. As the season advanced and new varieties ripened, I was still permitted to help myself to all that I wanted. In this way our table was supplied with fresh young beets, with

onions, cabbage, tomatoes, and, a little later in the season, new potatoes and luscious "roasting-ears" of sweet corn. There was added relish in the fact that the vegetables that came to our table were fresh and crisp, with all the flavor that the garden gives.

For the first three days John made a trip to the farm each evening for our daily supply of milk and cream. But after that, in accordance with a permanent arrangement that John made, the milk was brought to our camp every morning by the young Boer. Rain or shine, with unfailing regularity, each morning just before our breakfast-time we could hear the lad come whistling down the path that led through the trees and soon he would appear, a tin-pail in one hand and the bottle of cream, suspended by a string, in the other. His devotion to his task was insured by the fact that his parents permitted him to keep as his own the money received from the sale of the milk, which the lad not only delivered but also took from a cow which was considered to be his own personal property, he having laid claim to it from the time that it was a new-born calf.

The young Boer's attention was further stimulated by the fact that he took a lively interest in

our process of camp-making. On the occasion of each visit he would make what excuse he could to linger and his wandering gaze would take in all the changes that had been made in the interval since his last preceding visit. His curiosity we did not object to, since it was innocent and well meant, and several times his interest led to his giving us useful information, and, once or twice his services were made use of in tasks in which John required assistance.

One morning in the first week when the young Boer came with the milk he found me just beginning to get breakfast. John had gone to cut some dry bark from the trunk of a fallen tree that lay on the hillside just back of camp. I found dry bark a splendid thing with which to make a quick fire. It burned like coke.

After delivering the milk the lad lingered, seeming to be much interested in Bronco, who, tied to his tree, was quietly eating his oats.

"Good horse," laconically remarked the lad.

"A very good horse indeed!" I assented, glancing to where Bronco stood.

"Can't lose him," was his next declaration.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Nobody'll ever steal him," replied the lad.

"Why do you think so?" I inquired.

"Queer spots," said the boy; "looks like a circus."

I was not especially gratified to be told that Bronco looked like a "circus" — I didn't think so myself — but it was some consolation to receive the assurance that he would never be stolen. From that moment I felt even more secure in my sense of possession.

"Fader says de horse can run in our pasture, if ye like," added the lad. "He's gettin' stale on hay."

While I didn't know what it meant to be "stale on hay," yet I was glad of a chance to let Bronco enjoy the freedom of a run in pasture and I promptly accepted the offer. I asked the lad to return in about an hour, if he could, when I would go with him to take the horse to the farm.

"O, leave it to me," said the lad; "I kin take him."

Without expressing my own want of faith in his ability to take Bronco to pasture I simply replied that I always preferred going with the horse myself. With this declaration on my part the boy left, seemingly satisfied.

Some time after breakfast the young Boer returned. I untied Bronco and, accompanied by

the lad, led him up the road to the pasture lot, which was about a quarter of a mile distant. The boy opened the gate and, unsnapping the halter-strap but leaving the halter on, I turned the animal loose.

Bronco first took one look at his surround-

" Bronco stationed himself beside the fence and gazed after me far down the road."

ings and then he started off. He galloped about with head held high sniffing the air. Then he gambolled like a young colt. It was some time before he lowered his head, took his first mouthful of grass and settled down to enjoy his morning's meal.

As I started back the boy said:

"When it's noon I'll ride him to the creek to water."

"Better not attempt it," said I. "He doesn't like strangers."

"O, mum, I ain't scared. I break all fader's colts. That's my bizness. I ride anythin'. Rode ole Bill Cunningham's sorrel racer, an' he's the ugliest horse in Washburn county. They every time send for me when thur's any job in ridin' thet's pertikler tough."

Again I remonstrated, and finally the lad, though confident of his own powers, consented to await my coming.

As I started off Bronco trotted up, stationed himself beside the fence and gazed after me far down the road.

At noon I returned to the pasture. As I approached the gate of the lot I saw the young Boer with Bronco, up near a block next the barn. He had snapped another strap into the ring of the halter, put the end over the horse's neck and tied it so as to form a bridle-rein. How he ever managed to accomplish so much I could not imagine. At that instant the lad called to me, saying:

"Saw yez comin' an' t'ought I'd get ready."

With that he sprang upon Bronco's back, showing greater agility than from appearances I thought he possessed. The horse stood still for a moment. But it was only for a moment, for he then began a series of the most astonishing gyrations that I ever witnessed. It was much like some of the pictures I had seen of the performances in Mr. Cody's "Wild West Show." The first thing Bronco did was to shake himself vigorously. Then he ran a short distance, and, as he did so, swayed from side to side in an effort to unburden himself of his unwelcome load. But the lad had told the truth; he was, indeed, a remarkably good rider, and by clinging to Bronco's mane managed to retain his seat under conditions the most precarious. Next the horse wheeled about, rushed back to the barn and scraped against the side for half its length. But the boy raised his leg and half lay upon the horse's back in a very clever manner, in such position as to avoid the animal's evident effort to do him injury and dislodge him. Angered at his failure thus to free himself Bronco again started across the lot, but he did so in a series of stiff-legged leaps, more like the gressive action of an immense rabbit than like a horse.

Now Bronco stopped again and for several minutes made a series of awkward upward jumps. He would seem to crouch, then suddenly arch his back upward, at the same time bunching his feet together straightening his legs and springing from the earth. At this his rider would be tossed from his back several feet into the air. But each time, as the horse came down in a stiff-legged manner the boy would come down too and land solidly on his back, only to be tossed up again the next moment. I am sure if the boy hadn't been of stout build he would have been broken to pieces.

Fearing now for the lad's safety I opened the gate and started for the middle of the pasture to remonstrate with Bronco. As the animal saw me coming he at once ceased his bouncing methods and started towards me as directly and swiftly as a speedily trolley-car. But when yet several yards distant he suddenly stopped, planted all four feet pointing forward, ducked his head and shot his rider over his neck as if he had been fired out of a gun.

The boy didn't stop rolling until almost at my feet. Had it not been that the earth was soft and well carpeted with grass he certainly would have

been killed. As it was, though hatless and much dilapidated as to his overalls and shirt, he was able to rise without my proffered assistance, which by a curl of the lip he seemed to disdain. Gathering himsely slowly, but, in spite of strenuous effort to restrain compelled to rub one hip, he simply said:

"Acts like a circus, too!"

CHAPTER XXV

A MODEL REFRIGERATOR

The greatest triumph that we achieved in the construction of devices which should add to our comfort was the making of a spring-house in which to keep our store of butter and our daily supply of milk.

Some distance north of camp a small stream mingled its waters with those of the lake. In my afternoon ramble I explored this stream from its mouth to its source, for it did not come from a great distance, being only a tiny "little sister" to a larger stream which I afterwards came upon a half-mile farther up the lake. I named the near one Silver Thread. In tracing it to its source I climbed over logs and rocks and through brakes and bushes. In places it would be lost among the rocks, and I could only detect its presence by the sound of running waters struggling to pass many barriers.

I had not gone far in my exploration when I came upon a beautiful spot where the water fell

"A small stream mingled
its waters with those
of the lake."

over a wall of rock into a pool below. I made my way to the little basin and cupping my hand I dipped and drank. The water was almost as cold as if it had been iced, and it was as clear and pure as crystal.

At dinner-time the same day I told John of my discovery.

"How nice it would be, John," I said, "if we could keep our butter and milk near that cold water."

"Is it not too far from camp?" asked John.

"O, no," I answered. "A more direct path could be made which would bring us to it in less than ten minutes' walk. Then think of the advantages! Why, it would be almost like having ice."

The next morning John, carrying baby, went with me to look at the fall. He had to agree that my plan was very promising.

"But how shall we protect our stores from the ravages of mosquitoes and other wild beasts?" asked John.

"Build a tight little spring-house," said I. "Here is material in abundance," I added, indicating the rocks of all shapes and sizes which lay in the bed of the stream.

John's constructive eye quickly took in the possibilities.

Seating baby at the root of a tree where he could watch operations, we set about the task at once by gathering stones of suitable size. This being all we could do at the time we soon after returned to camp.

During the morning hours of the two succeeding days we devoted ourselves to our new enterprise, and at the end of that time it was done.

In size our spring-house was no larger than an inverted bushel basket, and about the same shape — a sort of a miniature Eskimo hut. This was all that was necessary for we only required space enough to set a small crock of butter, a pail of milk, our bottle of cream, and what few fresh vegetables there might be in store to be kept from one day to the next. Of cooked food there was never any to put by. Our table never left a surplus that was not promptly disposed of by Gyp.

Our "refrigerator," as I called the new repository, was built beside the stream a few feet below the little fall. In constructing it, first a large flat rock was laid and sunk slightly below the surface of the ground. In circular form the walls were built up about the edge of this foundation rock.

"Where the water fell
over a wall of rock
into a pool below."

Access to the interior of the structure was obtained through a hole left in the apex of the domed roof. This hole was kept covered by a trap of rock which could be readily removed and replaced. Set on the rock bottom was a shallow graniteware baking-pan, in which the crock and pail were placed. This pan was made to have the cool water from the stream running constantly through it.

Throughout the summer this was not only one of our comforts, but it was the great luxury of our living arrangements. Before each meal one or the other would make a trip to the "refrigerator" to bring a portion of the articles kept there, and at the same time a pitcher of fresh drinking water.

After the springhouse, the next most important piece of constructive work was a stable for Bronco. The most of the time he spent in pasture, but at times I wanted Bronco to be near at night, or in stormy weather, and for his accommodation John built the stable. It was very small, no larger than a single stall, and thatched with pine boughs, but when done Bronco had a rustic stable as comfortable as any occupied by horse or kine in forty counties.

But all the improvements in the condition of our camp were not of a utilitarian nature. As soon as our most pressing needs had been supplied I set about the work of ornamentation. Nature had been so partial to the beautiful spot that there was little to be done in its embellishment, except in the line of what nature herself suggested. Any attempt at art would have created discord. I wanted flowers, but they must be wild flowers.

Each afternoon, in my rambles, I found some choice specimens which I brought to camp with me. They were delicate and tender, these children of the forest, and at first my failures were more numerous than my successes. But finally I learned the secret and as a result soon had flowers in my "dooryard." On the north side of a large beech tree I had a little bed of wild violets, and in the shade of some alder bushes, but a few steps away beside the path that led to the springhouse I managed to transplant two specimens of cypripedium, which I brought from their home far away in the dense woods. Beside an old stump I had a bed of mosses, which, by being kept well moistened, remained as fresh and green as in their native heath. This stump was my delight.

In a hollow in its side I planted beautiful maidenhair ferns, and about its sides I managed to train wild vines, which flourished finely and encircled the stump in a green embrace.

There is as much individuality in stumps as there is in people. Some stumps are no more than hitching-posts or meat-blocks. But to possess human interest a stump must be old and partly denuded of its bark; its roots must show above the surface of the embedding earth and, above all, it must be hollow. In places it must show the charred emblems of ancient fires. Mosses and lichens must deck its weather-beaten sides, and about the jagged rim of its upper surface the rings which tell the years of its life must be furrowed and wrinkled with age.

Such was my stump. It was a dear old stump and told many stories of the woodland. When it was a proud and stately forest tree squirrels delighted to dwell among its branches, and one day a shaggy bear climbed to a perch on its lower limbs. Beneath its spreading arms many times Indians had camped, and smoke from their fires slowly curled in ascending spirals. It was the red man who, years and years ago, felled it to earth in order to make of its hewn trunk a canoe,

which for long months after was paddled on the waters of the lake. It was the same red man who, years later, had built the fire that left the charred remains. But in the night a grateful rain subdued the blaze and then feathery mosses came to cover the scars of wind and weather and fire.

Such was my stump.

CHAPTER XXVI

TRAILING ARBUTUS

"Here, John, is some sweet corn, the first of the season. Now we shall feast."

It was an afternoon in early August. For many days I had watched the old Boer's garden in order to obtain the first ripe roasting-ears. At each visit that I made I would go to the corner where the tall stalks grew, there seek out the largest ears and carefully parting the husks I would peep at the rows of soft and juicy kernels within. In this way, in my impatience, I made many investigations before I finally found ears mature enough for eating. The first day that I succeeded I gathered a dozen, took them back to camp and in triumph showed them to John, and told him that we should feast.

"Pretty big load for you to have carried from the farm, dear," was John's remark. "You ought to have let me bring them. Do you think we shall need so many?"

"O, they'll keep," said I. "I'll put half of them in the 'refrigerator' until to-morrow."

"But have we a pot large enough to boil even half of them in?" asked John.

"Don't need a pot, John. They are not to be boiled," I replied.

"Not to be boiled? How then will you cook them?" he asked.

"John, these are roasting-ears, and roasting-ears are made to be roasted. We are going to have a campfire and the corn is to be roasted in the hot ashes."

Dinner was later than usual that evening, but it was good. I had fire in the stove for the coffee and to fry the fish and bake biscuit. While I was engaged in this task John built a big camp-fire in the spot where we had one every night. When the fire was well burned down I removed the husks from the corn, all but the last delicate leaf that clings closely to the kernels. John buried the six ears thus prepared in the hot ashes and drew over them a mass of live coals. While he was doing this, in a similar manner I buried three large potatoes in another spot. Baby, sprawling on his rug to the windward side, out of the line of drifting smoke, watched the performance with curious interest.

We moved the table and chairs down near the

campfire and that evening we ate our dinner near the very edge of the water.

And such a dinner! I am sure that no Roman epicure ever enjoyed his banquet so much. The corn was delicious, with a flavor such as cook-books never name. Buttered, and sprinkled with salt, the fresh and juicy kernels melted in one's mouth. And the baked potatoes had a taste that oven cannot give.

I fear that we ate immoderately. But in the ozone-laden air of the north-woods every gastric demand was met and good digestion always waited on appetite.

Although it was a matter of first importance, yet my entire thought was not given to the subject of supplies for the table. Of all my summer's experiences there was none that I enjoyed more than my afternoon rambles in the woods, communing with birds and trees and flowers.

In order that I might not be without protection I always took Gyp with me on these excursions, for now that we had become established in a permanent home he consented to be led away from camp without protest in favor of baby.

My favorite haunt was the rocky stream a half mile beyond Silver Thread. Calling Gyp I took

my fishing-rod and a book and started. Some distance north of camp my way led through a quiet path in the birch woods, where I always obtained my supply of rustic writing material. The birch wood path led to the lake. The curving shore soon brought me to the stream that I sought. It was a wild torrent. Its rugged banks were set with pines and its bed was strewn with boulders worn by the ceaseless rush of waters which came swirling and swinging like a long white banner tossed in the wind.

This was my favorite haunt, and I visited it often. On such occasions I spent many hours seated on a rock pretending to fish.

This day on leaving the stream I penetrated far into the depths of the woods. The odor of pine was in the air and the soft hum of insects made it seem as if the forest were filled with the murmur of many voices. In an opening where a gap in the trees admitted a few rays of sunlight I seated myself on a log. It was old and weather-worn. Mosses and lichens were engaged in covering the decaying monarch with a garb of green and gray, and in places the plumes of tiny ferns, rooted in the shaggy bark, raised their laced leaflets. I knelt and stripped away a piece of loos-

"My way led through
a quiet path in the
birch woods."

ened bark. What a world of life it brought to view! Every inch was inhabited. In a cupped depression a grandfather grub lay in snug repose. My rude exposure wakened him from his nap. He squirmed and yawned and stretched himself, and prepared for lumbering exit from his folding bed. Grooved paths with edges as true as though cut with gouge, crossed the bared surface of the log in devious ways. At intervals a gimletlike hole showed where the little carpenters had sought deeper abode. One black-winged member of the tribe, no larger than a grain of wheat, made his appearance at the mouth of his shaft slowly pushed his head above the surface, seemed to peer about to discover the cause of the raising of the roof and then in disappointment and disgust as slowly withdrew into the depths below.

At this instant my gray old grandfather grub, in attempting to accommodate himself to his changed environments, like many a human being under similar circumstances, had a fall. As he lost his balance he seemed to grasp at the infinite nothing, then rolled over the side of the log and dropped to the ground. I got down on my knees in order to search for and replace him under a

piece of loose bark, there to carry out the purposes of his existence. But among the leaves and twigs that cushioned the earth he had disappeared. In my efforts at search my arm swept in a short radius from the old log. Grandfather grub, dumb old fellow, never appeared, but, as a result of my labors in his behalf I made a discovery which brought abundant reward and gladdened my heart beyond all expression.

A shaft of sunlight brightened a spot included in my search. As I passed my delving fingers and disturbed the earth's unwoven carpet, among the pine needles brown and dried I brought to view the sweetest dearest picture that ever met one's vision — a cluster of trailing arbutus! The tears sprang to my eyes. To think that I should have found the modest flower so unexpectedly in its secret hiding-place was such a glad surprise! And the dear little thing, with its spreading leaves of glossy green and clustering blossoms coy between looked up at me so innocently that I felt almost as if I had committed a desecration. But I knew I could convince it that it had in me a friend. With tenderness in my heart I threw myself prone upon the ground buried my face in the cool soft leaves placed my hands at the sides of

my head and shut out all the world beside. Intoxicated by its fragrant breath I whispered to the arbutus all a woman's secrets. I told it what only women know. And it understood, for it is modest, and true! And it will never tell.

Long I lay there, my face to earth's bosom. When tired whispering, I listened. I could hear the voices of the fairies who live down among the grass-roots. There came to my ears a murmur. I knew it must be from them. They were whirling and dancing, and the light tread of their tiny feet and the brush of their skirts made a sound soft and low as the breath of a baby sleeping.

I did not pluck the flowers. After pressing my lips to their waxen petals I whispered a last message and replacing the coverlet of leaves in silence left them.

In later days I made repeated visits to the spot and told many a secret to my little woodland friends.

CHAPTER XXVII

SPRING CHICKEN

In my return to camp I made a wide detour, going up the shore of the lake beyond the rocky stream. On a jutting point of land I suddenly came upon human habitation, though, like our own, of temporary character. It was a camp with white canvas tent and all the usual equipment. But, though a fire was briskly burning, no one was about. I quickly retired and began my homeward journey by another route. I had not gone far over the rough road when, in passing a high and rocky bluff I came full upon the proprietor of the camp. At the moment he was squatted near a rock beside which was an iron kettle over a fire, at which he was poking. As I was quickly passing he glanced up. I stopped. It was the druggist from Hudson.

I expressed my pleasure at again seeing him, and he told me of his having come on his annual fishing trip.

"I knew you were at the 'Point,'" said he, "and

"It was a camp
with white canvas tent."

I intended calling as soon as we get settled. There are three of us."

"But how did you know to such a certainty

that we were at the 'Point'?" I asked.

"An Indian told me," was the reply.

"An Indian?" I repeated. "I have seen none."

"No," he answered; "they can see without being seen. He told me all about you. You must be nicely fixed."

"And so we are," I answered, "and we shall expect your promised visit."

"I will come by water," he replied. "But first I must fix our boat. It leaks. This is pitch that I am heating, to stop the cracks. If your boat should ever need it, let me know."

"Then you know we have a boat?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, the Indian told me. You were fortunate to secure it from the Dutchman. A party from St. Paul is coming up next week, and expected to get it. But you have scooped them."

As I was leaving Mr. Ernie called:

"Don't be afraid of the Indians. They are peaceful. You'll have a visit from them one of these days."

My return to camp was rather later than usual and John had preparations for our meal well advanced.

Two days after our first dinner of roasting-

ears, our supply being exhausted, I told John that while he and baby slept I would go to the farm for more. I promised also to bring back a spring chicken, with which, every Wednesday, we varied out diet of fish.

Arrived at the farm, after having gathered what vegetables I wanted from the garden, I set my basket on the kitchen steps and sought the old Boer's wife in order to obtain from her the young chicken, for this was something to which I could not help myself as I could to inanimate objects.

"As I was quickly passing he glanced up."

About the house she was nowhere to be seen. I went to the barn, in the rear of which I found her, but engaged in an occupation which was entirely new, and very strange, to me. In one hand she held a large speckled hen, which was struggling and crying and making desperate efforts to escape from the grasp of its captor. With the other hand she was working the handle of the pump, while under the plentiful stream of water that poured from the spout she held the head of the chicken, which was making shrill protest against its involuntary shower-bath.

I looked on in astonishment, but so intent was the old lady in her task that it was some minutes before she became aware of my presence. Finally she paused an instant and, looking around, discovered me. But at that moment the old hen made a terrific struggle and the pumping process was resumed with increased vigor.

When next the old lady paused, in order to get her breath, of which she was almost as short as the chicken appeared to be, I ventured to inquire the reason for the very unusual performance.

"Is that the way you wash your poultry?" I asked.

At this question the old lady's face broadened

and I detected the shadow of a smile.

"Nein," she replied. "De old hen, he set. I no want him set. I stop him."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that when hens are inclined to take to the nest for the purpose of sitting, this is your method of breaking them of the habit?"

"Yah," said the old lady.

"Will the remedy prove effectual?" I inquired.

"Vass you say?"

"Will pumping water on their heads stop them?"

"Sure!" said the old lady, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Will this old hen stop now?" I asked.

"Morgen oder uber morgen. I vet him doo dimes more."

"O!" I exclaimed. "Then it takes three baths to do it?"

"Yah, dree dimes," said she.

At that moment a thought came into my mind. I could perform a humane act and at the same time carry out a purpose that I had often desired to by purchasing the hen getting a dozen fresh eggs and raising young chickens myself. John could build a small coop near Bronco's stable. In this I would set the hen and in three weeks' time

we would have the domestic features of our camp still more enlivened by the chirping presence of a dozen little chicks.

No sooner had the plan taken shape in my mind than I began to put it into execution. This I did by making a proposition for the purchase of the old speckled hen. My offer was promptly accepted and on payment of a small coin the hen became mine. On taking it in my hands I discovered that it was not a very fat hen. In fact, it was decidedly lean and scrawny, and its breast was as destitute of feathers as if it had been plucked, while it had still other marks of advanced age. But the old lady assured me that all these features were special characteristics of hens when inclined to "set," and they were a guarantee of good motherhood and devotion to chicks. This same hen, she said, had in the years of its life incubated many eggs and raised numerous broods, and she could vouch for it as possessing capabilities begot of long experience.

She impressed these facts upon me with such earnestness and volubility that, but for my consciousness of her perfect honesty and sincerity, I would have thought she suspected me of an inclination to go back on my bargain and demand the return of my money.

But I had no such intention. I was satisfied.

On my return trip to camp, under one arm I carried the hen, its legs tied together in order to insure its easy recapture should it escape from custody. In my basket in addition to the vegetables I carried a dozen fresh eggs, the potential representatives of a future feathered brood.

Several times in the course of my journey I was compelled to set the basket on the ground in order to devote my energies to a slight wrestling match with the old hen, which, at intervals, made strenuous efforts to escape. But in each round I came off victor.

As I approached camp I saw John building the fire in the stove, for it was time to begin preparations for dinner. On seeing me John came forward, as was his custom, to relieve me of my load. He took the basket, and then reached his hand for the hen. I was about to give it to him, when I changed my purpose and said:

"No, you take the basket and I will carry this."

But in the moment of indecision the old hen, ever watchful for some diversion of which it might take advantage, gave a sudden leap and landed on the ground a few feet distant.

John was quick in pursuit. He dashed forward, but as he did so his foot caught in the ex-

tended root of a nearby tree and he went down like a ball-player sliding for base. As he fell the basket shot out ahead of him and in dismay I saw from it strewn a mixture of corn and tomatoes and broken eggs.

In an instant John sprang to his feet and was after the hen again, which, hampered as it was, flopped from place to place, always just eluding the grasp of the extended hand.

Now Gyp, prompted to action by the thought that the emergency was one inviting services of the kind that he could readily render, joined in the chase. Baby, standing near the stove, seeing the fleeing hen flopping in his direction ran to cover beneath the wagon, while for my part I had sufficient to do to hold my aching sides.

For some minutes the chase continued, John and the dog in close pursuit of the fleeing hen. At times John would have effected the capture had it not been for stumbling over Gyp. Again, Gyp would have succeeded but for John's interference. In the end the dog was victorious, pinning its victim down against the front wagon-wheel where it held it tightly until released by John who raised it in his hands and at once examined it critically to search for possible injury.

From where I stood I could see that my old

hen was in a much dilapidated condition. Its feathers were ruffled and disordered, it was soiled and wet and bloody and breathless. Panting it lay limp in John's hands.

As John slowly brought the hen towards me he continued his investigation, still critically examining feather and bone and flesh. Finally, as he stopped and held it for me to view, he said:

"My dear, didn't you get to the wrong bargain-counter when you went after a spring chicken?"

CHAPTER XXVIII

INDIANS AND BERRIES

I didn't set the hen. The excitement of the chase seemed to have as much deterrent effect as two additional sousings would have done, and as a consequence the old hen was so much discouraged that she lost all inclination to devote herself to the duties of incubation. On my next visit to the farm I traded her for a spring chicken. The Boer's wife was perfectly willing to make the exchange, though she looked the hen over carefully and critically in order to see if anything was wrong. When she found that no bones were broken, and, furthermore, when I assured her that the creature was apparently cured of all propensity to "set" she tossed the chicken over the fence into the barn-yard, at the same time in her native tongue muttering some words I took to be an anathema upon all the poultry tribe.

Our camp was now well established, everything was in order and we had nothing to do but to devote ourselves to the agreeable routine of

eating, sleeping and fishing and exploring the country. But we had not an idle moment. Every hour was filled and interest in our occupation and surroundings was at all times keen.

One evening, as had been foretold by Mr. Ernie, our camp had a strange visitor — a real live Indian. In his moccasined feet he came so silently that even Gyp was not aware of his presence until he stood a few feet from our table, for he put in his appearance at our mealtime. Much to my disappointment he was not costumed in blanket and feathers. He wore on his head a brown felt hat and his suit consisted of trousers, coat and woolen shirt. The sole articles of his attire possessing romantic interest were the moccasins. He belonged, as we soon learned, to the tribe of the Chippewas, who had a Reservation twelve miles distant.

The most interesting object about our caller was a basket that he carried on his arm which contained several quarts of wild raspberries. It was for the purpose of disposing of these that he had honored us with his presence. A bargain was soon made and the store of luscious berries transferred from the Indian's basket to my bread-pan.

This first supply was followed by many others. In the country back from the lake, wherever the lumbermen had made a clearing, wild berries grew in great abundance and for the rest of the season our table was supplied at every meal with raspberries, blackberries or blueberries, for, as soon as the aborigines learned that there was a market for their fruit at Indian Point we had offers of much more than we could possibly make use of, and at most tempting prices.

Late one afternoon, just before dinner time, a tall Chippewa came with a large basket filled to overflowing with red raspberries. I had already laid in a sufficient supply, bought from a squaw who had brought her berries about noontime. Consequently I was compelled to say to the later visitor that the market was closed. On receiving my unfavorable answer the Indian did not appear to be a particle disappointed or disconcerted. He simply set his basket on the ground near me and offered the berries at a figure which was so much below the prevailing market price that I closed the bargain on the spot.

When John returned from his trip to our refrigerator and saw the great quantity of fruit, in his surprise he exclaimed:

"What on earth do you intend doing with all those berries? There are enough to last us a week."

"Make jam," I replied.

"Well, that's a new scheme," said John.

"Yes, but don't you think it a good one?" I asked. "It's a pity to have all these beautiful berries go to waste. I'll tell you, John, what entered my head as soon as the Indian made the offer at such a reduced price."

"O, he bea‹ed the market, did he?"

"Yes, he cut the price almost in two. At the lower figure I would have taken the berries from him anyhow, but it suddenly occurred to me that this is a splendid chance to put up fruit for use at home next winter. In fact, this year it is our only chance. So I've got it all planned. We'll buy the berries from the Indians and put up preserves and jam enough to last us all next winter. Why not?" I asked.

"Why not?" repeated John. "What will you put it all into?"

"Glasses and jars," I replied. "Can't you have a lot brought up from the town from which the butcher sends us our meat every Saturday?"

John thought a moment.

"It may be possible," said he. "I'll try."

Leaving to John the task of securing the needed receptacles, the next day I made into jam the berries that I had already bought. It took my entire store of sugar so that I was compelled to call upon the Boer's wife for more, to be returned when our supply should arrive. As a result of my morning's labor every empty glass and jar in camp was brought out to be filled with raspberry jam. When the job was done I showed to John three glasses and two small jars of jam, all with paper pasted over the top, and properly labelled.

This was but the beginning. In four days more the stage brought up from Rice Lake a big bag of sugar and a box containing a dozen jars. Then the business of preserving fruit was entered upon in earnest. I got the use of a porcelain-lined kettle from the Boer's wife and, having accumulated a stock of berries, the working hours of the next day were devoted to the task. John put on one of my gingham aprons and acted as first assistant. He was always very handy at such work, and often helped me.

After this first experiment, which was a perfect success, we entered systematically into the business of preserving fruit. A standing order was given to the grocer at Rice Lake to send up on

" Drifting lazily on the water
beneath the cloud-hung August sky."

the stage each week a certain number of jars. Before each succeeding supply arrived the lot previously received would be filled and sealed and labelled. We continued this to the end of the berry season and as a result we had a store of preserves and jam greater than I had ever put up when at home. The filled jars were all securely repacked in the boxes that brought the empty ones, using dried moss as "excelsior."

During the month of August the fishing season was at its height and the lake yielded a variety which gave occasional change to our diet. Although black bass were most abundant, yet an occasional pickerel or wall-eyed pike would coquet with the hook until caught, furnishing excitement dear to the sportsman's heart.

Many a trip John and I made in the boat, always taking baby with us. All our time, however, was not devoted to catching fish. It was not necessary, for it never took very long to obtain all that we required. When through with the use of rod and line some days for hours we spent the time drifting lazily on the water beneath the cloud-hung August sky.

One Sunday afternoon while John and baby were sleeping I started out in the boat alone. I

managed well in going, but when I attempted to return the wind, which had freshened, rendered

"The old Boer and the Boer's wife."

all my efforts futile. In this dilemma I turned the boat and rowed with the wind to the landing

at the owner's farm, intending that the Boer's lad should bring the boat back to camp. After stepping ashore I walked up the pathway to the house, where I found the old Boer and the Boer's wife seated outside the door. The old man was reading from a well-worn copy of the Scriptures. In response to my inquiry the Boer's wife told me that the lad was away for the afternoon, but would return later in the day and in the evening, when chores were done, would row the boat to our camp.

On receiving this assurance I started to return by the road. After paying Bronco a visit in pasture I resumed my journey but had covered not quite half the distance when I came upon the lad himself. He was slowly loitering along the road, followed by his dog. On discovering me he stopped and awaited my approach.

As I neared I saw that he had with him two unusual objects. In one hand he carried a small bag, made of gunny-sacking. The bag was evidently of the boy's own manufacture for the edges of the two pieces of sacking that formed it were rudely sewed together with white string. The object carried in his other hand, and slung over his left shoulder, was a piece of rubber hose such as is generally used for garden purposes. The

piece was about four or five feet in length. As we met I paused to chat with him. Since the episode of his performance on Bronco we had become quite good friends, so I felt free to make inquiries regarding the use that he intended to make of his outfit.

"What are they for?" I asked.

With boylike desire to whet one's curiosity before gratifying it, he replied:

"You wait, already, and you like see some fun."

Being not averse to witnessing a little "fun" I concluded to wait.

"You come some ways wid me," added the lad.

He started and I followed

We left the road and after passing through the wood a short distance came out into a small clearing dotted with stumps and brush-heaps.

"Here, Tige," called the lad; "hunt 'em."

The dog, which was small and bushy-haired, looked anything but like a tiger, but for that reason he was doubtless all the better equipped to obey his young master's command to "hunt 'em," and this he at once proceeded to do in a very lively fashion. The dog ran from brush-heap to brush-heap, circling about each one, barking and

yelping and making frantic attempts to gain access to their impenetrable depths.

At last the animal's efforts were rewarded. From out one of the heaps sprang a little brown rabbit which skipped away with "Tige" in close pursuit. In a stern chase the dog would in time have overtaken the rabbit, but by making an occasional quick turn bunny managed to save himself. This mode of procedure kept pursuer and pursued in sight within the confines of the clearing, though the dog had to rout the latter out from several brush-heaps in the course of the race. Suddenly, however, in an open space the rabbit disappeared from view as if it had dropped into the bowels of the earth, which, indeed, it had really done.

The dog in an instant was at the mouth of the hole in which the rabbit had taken refuge, and towards which, it seems, it had all the time been working.

Now began excited efforts on the part of the dog to follow his victim even into his subterranean retreat. With front feet rapidly playing like a pair of clappers he scratched at the mouth of the hole making the dirt fly in a steady stream behind him. In this way he circled about and scratched

and scratched until he had scooped out the earth like a basin. But this was the best he could do. At intervals he would jam his nose into the funnel-shaped hole and yelp and bark and scold in vain endeavor to induce Mr. Rabbit to come forth and deliver himself into his snapping jaws. Vain hope! The rabbit was too smart for that! I could, however, imagine the poor little creature, trembling and panting, crouched in some small chamber at the bottom of his shaft, anxious and nervous, but with sense of security begot of depth and darkness.

But now a new actor entered the arena. The Boer's lad came up to the scene of operations. I approached at the same time.

"Here, Tige, come off," shouted the boy.

But "Tige" didn't propose to perform the important part that he had already done only to abandon further effort when told to do so by a tall two-legged hunter unable to scratch dirt or to bark with his muzzle in the mouth of a hole.

Quietly and without another word the lad knelt on the ground and, taking the struggling dog in his hands drew him back between his knees, where, half sitting upon him and tightly held in leg embrace the animal was forced to remain,

though never ceasing his frantic efforts to escape or his sharp and excited barking.

Now the lad began a new part of the proceedings which excited my curiosity to the straining point. One end of the piece of garden hose that he had carried he inserted into the mouth of the hole down which the rabbit had disappeared. Thus entered, with a twisting and insinuating motion he slowly passed the hose down, evidently meeting with an occasional obstruction, until the elastic tube could be made to penetrate no farther. Now only a scant foot of its length remained above the surface of the ground. This much done, the lad next brought forth his bag and over the mouth of the hole he carefully placed the mouth of the bag, where he firmly held it.

At this moment I was all wonder to see what would happen next. I had not long to wait. With his disengaged hand the boy took up the free end of the rubber hose that protruded from the hole and placed it to the mouth of the still frantically barking dog.

The effect was instantaneous. The connection was no sooner made than from out the earth there bounced into the inverted bag an animated object which threatened to jerk it from the boy's con-

trolling hand. But no such accident occurred. With one hand the lad quickly closed the mouth of the bag, at the same time, as he arose to his feet, drawing from the hole the length of hose and liberating the dog.

It was all over in a moment. The lad made no ostentatious show of pride at his clever enterprise. In the stoical manner characteristic of his race he let me stand in silent admiration of his very original method of trapping game.

At dinner time when I related to John the story he said that it was the first time he had ever heard of capturing a rabbit by having a dog telephone to the bottom of its hole for the animal to come forth.

CHAPTER XXIX

HOMEWARD BOUND

Thus, all too quickly, the summer passed. The first cool day in September reminded us that we must bid adieu to our life in Arcady and, with the swallows, set out on our flight to the southward.

No one ever made preparations to leave the scenes of childhood with more reluctance than did we our camp at Indian Point. It had become to us like home. The wagon on its stilted wheels held for us as much comfort as an old Colonial mansion. Our dining-room under the canvas awning, though walled on three sides by nothing but air, was as cozy as a closet. Every nearby tree and rock and stump had its associations and it seemed as if, like articles of furniture, we ought to pack each one and take it with us.

Mingled with feelings of regret at being compelled to leave the spot where we had spent so many happy hours was one of intense satisfaction, of comfort and relief, that we had accomplished the object for which we had come. Of John's con-

dition nothing could be said except that he was well. Of his old cough there had been no sign for many weeks. All lost flesh had been regained, and, from appearances, several pounds more. His strength was renewed and he was gifted with all his old-time energy. The doctors, I know, would have said, in the phrase that belongs to them — "Pulse and temperature are normal."

As to baby, no one would have dreamt that he ever had the whooping-cough or showed signs of delicacy after it, for he was the chubbiest, pudgiest, rosiest little rascal that ever put on overalls.

Thus were we all well equipped for the journey that lay before us.

Breaking camp took less time than we had anticipated. Our temporary structures were soon dismantled. In one-half day the wagon was packed and everything given its place. After its long rest, as John greased the axles he twirled each wheel to see if it would still go 'round.

At noon of the second day after beginning our preparations all was ready. The last thing was to hitch up Bronco. The harness had been oiled and rubbed as one of our earliest tasks. When Bronco was put between the shafts and the last strap buckled, baby was lifted to the seat and John and I climbed in.

Before starting we took one last look about — out upon the waters of the lake, into the thick of the forest, and up to the sky which in patches showed through the branches; then, straight ahead.

"Go on, John," said I.

At the word of command Bronco pulled the wheels from off the rocks where they had rested all summer.

Indian Point was soon lost to sight, but at each turn in the road we looked back to get a last view.

At the farm we paused to say good-bye to the old Boer, his wife and boy, to whose spirit of accommodation we owed so many of our comforts during the summer.

The first night we camped not far from Rice Lake. It was the old experience. We got out the stove, prepared our meal, cared for Bronco, retired early and slept in the wagon till morning, as we had at our "one-night stands" in all our northward journey of the spring.

Early the next day, at the railroad station at Rice Lake, we found the boxes of fruit which had been hauled down by the old Boer several days in advance of our coming. John made arrangements to have these freighted to Chicago.

This was the last business matter requiring attention. After it was done we started on, our sole purpose being to make our way by the most direct route to our distant home.

Our further journey was uneventful. The crisp September air was clear and invigorating. The foliage, which was now turning to its autumn hues, added new charm to the landscape.

After passing Madison our way lay again in a country dotted with picturesque inland lakes. Delavan, Geneva Lake, and, after crossing the State line into Illinois, Grass Lake and Fox Lake successively we visited.

The day following that on which we camped at Fox Lake we first saw in the distance the bank of smoke which overhung the great city.

Home? Yes, home. A home of walls and towers, of brick and stone and glass and asphalt and wooden blocks and macadam and rails and tracks and lamp-posts and cars and trucks and grips and trolleys and "L's" and flying trains and moving masses of people.

O, how we should miss the grass and trees and birds and sunshine and pure fresh air of the northland!

We approached the city from the west, making

the circuit of Garfield Park as we did so. Then southward we went, the length of Douglas Boulevard, as far as Fifty-fifth street, and here again the long stretch of Garfield Boulevard was our roadway toward the east. We were glad to approach the end of our journey by the beautiful parks and boulevards, instead of passing through the crowded business centre of the city, for it left us with the air still uncontaminated by smoke and dust and dirt.

At last we entered Washington Park where the Boulevard spreads like a fan opposite the Refectory. We took the road to the northward and enjoyed the short ride beneath overarching trees. Emerging at Fifty-first street, in a few moments we drove up and stopped in front of the "Belmont."

Home at last! With the quiet air of a September afternoon and the green of grass and trees it was, after all, a pleasant spot to which we had returned.

The occupants of our apartments, previously apprised by telephone from Oak Park of the probable hour of our arrival, were on watch and early caught sight of us. They frantically waved handkerchiefs from upper windows. In a minute

the elevator had brought them down and they surrounded the ark, clamoring for baby.

After John and I had driven to the rear and seen Bronco comfortably installed in the barn where, five months before, our out-fitting had been done, we too took the elevator and were soon among familiar objects.

The flat, though neat and comfortable, seemed more cramped than ever after having lived so long with "all-out-doors" as our place of habitation.

It was late Friday afternoon that we reached home. Saturday and Sunday were given to rest and getting settled. Not until Monday morning, which was the second day of October, did John go down to the office. From our dining-room window I watched him as he hastened to the station. There was no longer any "drag" to his feet, as there was in the Spring. His step was as elastic as it had been in the old days before he ever knew that he had a pair of lungs. When he came home in the evening there was no "tired feeling" to recover from. He was full of vigor, and after dinner went to the Park with his wheel, as he said, "to work of surplus energy."

On the day of our arrival the girls, excepting

Madge, had returned to their respective quarters. But on the following Sunday, when we had them all up to dinner, many were the lamentations over what they called the "retrograde" change that they had been forced to make.

Sunday evening, after baby was asleep, John and I sat on the high balcony, out of our front windows, where the view was one overlooking the Park and many miles of country. Far to the east, in Jackson, we could get a glimpse of the classic outlines of the Art Palace, and beyond, the waters of the lake where they touched the horizon. To the west and south ridge after ridge of wooded land stretched far away, the trees showing now the varied tints of autumn.

But in our conversation we had to come to more domestic scenes. In reply to a question I told John that I had not yet succeeded in getting a cook.

"And what is more, John," I added, "I don't intend to try any more."

"If you don't try, how will you ever get one?" he asked.

"Aren't you satisfied with my cooking, John?" I inquired.

"Satisfied!" exclaimed John. "I am more than

satisfied. I am delighted. But that is beside the question. I didn't engage you in that capacity. Your service was to be but temporary."

"I understand all that, John, but you must remember that I am somewhat concerned in this affair myself. I have got it all planned. I have determined that I will not ask Mary to leave her present place and come back here. She would consider herself too important. Then again, every cook, even the best, wastes as much as her wages. You can always count on that. As to taking in a green girl, I would rather do the work myself, as I have for the past week. I got so used to it this summer that it is no task at all. And then, John, I'll tell you what I intend doing. Every week I shall put into the bank what I used to pay Mary. In this way, when we start on our camping trip next summer ——"

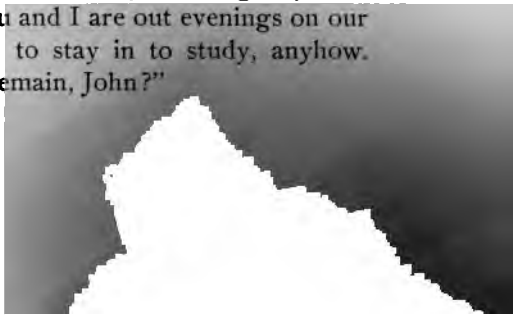
"Are we to go on another camping trip next summer?" quickly asked John.

"O, yes, that's another thing I haven't told you," I replied. "I've got it all planned. The doctor says it's great! It won't be for so long, of course; only during your regular July vacation. We will put Bronco — I never intend to part with that animal! — out on Mr. Miller's farm for the

winter. I have already written to him about it. He'll take splendid care of him. The wagon we'll keep. Next summer we'll overhaul it, get Bronco in, and we'll go up to Lake Geneva, or Oconomowoc, or some nearby place where there are lots of trees and some fish to be had, and we'll pretend that we are away up North again. Don't you see, John?"

"No trouble in seeing your plans, dear," said John in a tone of assent. "Now how about this domestic problem?"

"It is no problem at all, any more. I've got it all worked out. Baby, you must remember, is now over two years old, and not half the care he used to be, and so strong and well! But there is another thing I must tell you. Madge, whose visit is almost out, begs me to let her stay. She says that after this experience she can't bear to think of going back to that stuffy old boarding house. If you will let her stay she says she will help me, just as she has this week — she doesn't have to go to school till nine in the morning, and is back at five. And she says she'll gladly care for baby when you and I are out evenings on our wheels. She has to stay in to study, anyhow. Will you let her remain, John?"



After some hesitation John said "Yes." I knew he would. He always agrees to my plans when he hardly sees what else there is to do.

"As I was saying, John," I continued, "I intend to put aside Mary's wages, to add to our fund. There's a good nest-egg still in the bank. We didn't use it all. Do you know how much it cost us for our summer's trip?"

"Forty-nine ninety-eight," said John.

"O, that was for the out-fit," I replied, pinching John's arm for trying to tease me. "I mean, do you know what our living-expenses were while we were away?"

"Not exactly. Never figured it out. What do you make it?" asked John.

"I kept an accurate account," said I, "even to the last dime. I just got it figured up last night. Here it is. You can see by this paper that our daily expenses, for you and myself, the baby, Bronco and Gyp were but a trifle more than what the Hebrew in the play called a 'helluf a dollyer.' O, what a naughty sound that has, John!"

CHAPTER XXX

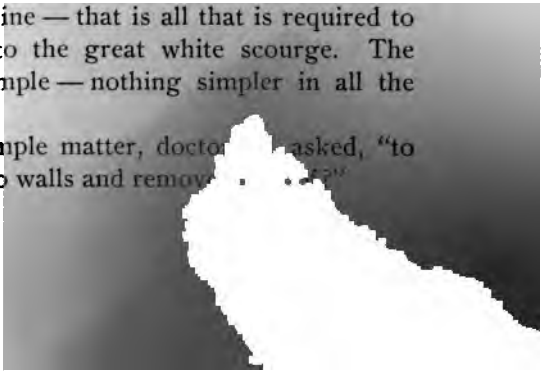
KNOCK OUT THE WALLS

Under the new arrangement the winter passed most pleasantly. In his health John lost nothing of what he had gained. This result was due not alone to the effects of the summer's outing, but to the fresh-air life that he continued to lead.

After John's one visit to the doctor — in which, after a thorough examination, the latter pronounced him a "well man" — I undertook to carry out all the precepts that the doctor laid down.

"What kills in phthisis," said the doctor, "is living between four walls. If two of the walls could be knocked out, and half the time the roof raised, there would be no such trouble. Fresh air and sunshine — that is all that is required to put an end to the great white scourge. The remedy is simple — nothing simpler in all the world."

"Is it a simple matter, doctor, I asked, "to knock out two walls and remove [illegible]"



"You did it last summer, didn't you?" was his reply.

"Can everybody do as we did?" I asked.

"Well, you ought to know," replied the doctor. "A great many people can who think they can't. Your husband thought the obstacles were insurmountable until you taught him to the contrary. There are thousands of people who can do as you have done, and who sadly need to do so, if they only knew how. In this way a great many lives could be saved and much good done. Camp life is the thing! There is nothing like it!" exclaimed the doctor in a burst of enthusiasm.

"But now that the camping season is passed," I continued, "how am I to knock out the two walls?"

"If you can't knock out two, then knock out one," replied the doctor. "The conditions of modern business require that men shall be shut up in offices or stores for certain hours during the day, usually from eight to ten hours. This leaves daily fourteen to sixteen hours, the most of which should be spent in the open air, or, at any rate, in breathing pure air.

"How much attention do people give to their breathing?" continued the doctor, throwing his

shoulders back and drawing a long breath. "Who ever stops to think of it? We pay much attention to our diet, and we are accused — at least we men are — of growling if it doesn't suit us. But who ever hears us growl if the air that we breathe is contaminated? We eat three times a day, and complain. We breathe twenty times a minute, and say nothing. Look," said the doctor, rising from his seat and approaching his office window; "look," he repeated, "at the great volume of smoke pouring forth from the chimney of that building across the street. There are thousands of other chimneys doing the same thing. They are contaminating the atmosphere God has given me to breathe. I smart under the injustice, but I am helpless. Now see that swirl of dust as the wind sweeps around the corner by the Masonic Temple. It is like the funnel-shaped cloud of a Kansas cyclone. And see what havoc it plays with the men's hats and the ladies' skirts. See that man, his eyes full of dust, trying to chase his hat across State street. See, he barely escapes being run down by the grip. And see that police officer giving the old lady her bearings after she has been whirled around several times, and blinded by the mote in her eye. Do you understand

now why the oculists in Central Music Hall building do such a thriving business? It is accident of location.

"Well," said the doctor, pausing for a moment and drawing a long breath, "what I was coming at, is this. That single spiral cloud of dust that you saw whirl around the corner carried about forty million microbes, more or less. The air of a city is full of them. Clean the streets! That is the next lesson. Give the people pure air to breathe, pure water to drink, and pure food to eat, and there will be little ill health. But you will note that I mention pure air first. Why? Because air-borne diseases out-number all the others.

"But, when people are given pure air," resumed the doctor on reseating himself, "few of them know what to do with it. It is a fact that not one person in a hundred knows how properly to breathe — to breathe, the first act and the last act of our lives. Few persons make habitual use of more than one-half the breathing space with which the Lord has endowed them. The upper part of the chest alone is brought into action. Not one man in a hundred breathes to the bottom of his lungs, while as to women — well, if corsets

are not a delusion they certainly are a snare. The greatest benefactor of the human race will be the person who exploits to the people the proper use of the diaphragm."

"You said, doctor," I interrupted, "that if we can't knock out two walls, we should knock out one. Does an explanation go with that?"

"That's what I'm coming to," replied the doctor. "The conditions of town life will not permit of a person's being in the open all the time, but there is one extended period in each twenty-four hours during which man should breathe only pure fresh air. This is while sleeping. We spend, most of us, about eight hours in sleep. We may look to it to see that we have a soft and downy couch during that time, but how much attention is given to the air-supply? 'Mighty little! We breathe the same air over and again, and even in the first instance it is none too pure. I would lay it down as an edict, to be obeyed by all mankind, that during sleep no air should enter the lungs that is not pure and fresh and freely admitted from that great reservoir of supply that surrounds our globe to a height of fifty miles or more. This should be done regardless of its temperature."

Thus the doctor went on, explaining in detail the application of the principles that he laid down, all of which I later put into practice. As a result, throughout the winter that followed our summer outing John, in order to retain his new-found health, lived in accordance with what the doctor called the "home treatment" method.

The front windows of our flat faced south, overlooking the Park. But the wall of the building was recessed, forming a loggia, enclosed on all sides but one, the southern exposure. This loggia I converted into John's sleeping apartment. The carpenter made frames, covered with wire netting, three of which, set side by side, filled the arched opening. This kept out all insects, and gave sense of privacy and security, while at the same time there was free admission of air. In this space an iron bed was set, a soft rug on the floor, and room for one comfortable chair. Here John slept almost every night throughout the winter. Only furious storms or zero weather ever drove him in. "The freezing-point," as he expressed it, "never phased" him. The secret lay in the use of an abundance of blankets. "Retain bodily heat by an abundance of bed-clothing," the doctor had said; "then no

harm can come. Have only your nose out to breathe the cool, fresh air. Think how the Esquimos manage it, and the Klondikers in their sleeping-bags."

John found this to be literally true. Sleeping in the open air was possible even in the cold of winter. He said that he could no longer rest in a closed room, it was so oppressive and "stuffy."

The "home treatment," which was carefully followed out, enabled John to hold all that he had gained. Not only at night, but at other times, he spent many hours out of doors. Even in the dead of winter, when snow was on the ground, he would trudge through the drifts in the Park or take long walks in the unbuilt places south of the city.

When spring opened and

"Many miles
we made together
on our metal steeds."

the roads became dry he was again upon his wheel, in which exercise I was his constant companion, and many miles we made together on our metal steeds.

When summer came we put into execution the plans already formed. Bronco was brought in from the farm, the wagon was repainted and overhauled, and on the second day of July, when John's vacation began, we started. We were gone until near the middle of August, as long as John could be spared from the office. On the Fourth we encamped at Fox Lake, where we staid several days. We could not go to the far North, as we had before, so we made a systematic tour of all small bodies of water in the lake region of southern Wisconsin. Much time we spent in the beautiful Oconomowoc region, encamping several days in a place, and then moving on to some other attractive spot. In this way we explored the country, its lakes and streams and woods and dells in a most thorough manner, gaining rest and strength and health and meeting with many interesting experiences and some slight adventures.

In the time at our command we were able to penetrate as far north as Green Lake before being compelled to start on our return journey.

When again at home we were as "brown as berries," and none in the party knew such thing as fatigue, nor did even so slight an ailment as a "cold" affect us in all the following winter.

We now felt that the object of our first expedition was fully attained and permanently assured. We had, we felt sure, discovered a fountain of perpetual youth, and with it a means of recovery from one fell disease without the usual exile to Colorado or other remote resort.

But we never could have accomplished what we did without the services of my faithful Bronco.

CHAPTER XXXI

FIVE YEARS AGO

This was all five years ago.

For the past three years we have been living in our own home, one of the prettiest places in all Kenwood. John has been promoted twice and he feels sure that some day he will have the position at the head of his department.

It was a year before we left the flat that I told John I thought we might try buying a home. At first he was very dubious and he took a month to think about it, but by the end of that time, when I told him all the plans I had for saving, and how I could make over my bonnet and other things in the spring he consented. We have been living here now for three years, and a month ago the last payment was made.

John came home early that day. It was on our anniversary. He gave me some flowers and then he placed in my hand a large envelope containing legal papers, all nicely folded. I opened the package and looked at the papers. My name was on every one.

"What does this mean, John?" I asked. "I don't understand these wordy documents."

"It means," replied John, "that the home is at last paid for, and it's all yours, Princess," he concluded, taking my head between his hands and turning my face up to his.

"One of the prettiest places in all Kenwood."

"O, John," I said, "I'm going to cry."

And I did so, though it was not because I had anything to cry about. But I soon dried my tears for I felt very happy and very proud. I always do feel proud when John calls me Princess, and I dearly love to hear him say it.

For several years we had an annual reunion and a dinner, attended by the girls who cared for our home in the Belmont that first summer. But now all are scattered.

Celeste is at present unmarried. Though she has been married — married by a minister and unmarried by a judge.

She lived with Joe Bagley a year and a half. Joe neglected her, and then came a divorce. There is only one thing about a divorce that saves it from having the odor of a crime — it is evidence that there was once a thing called love.

Celeste is a dear good-hearted creature and it was wicked of Joe Bagley to steal her affections as he did. "Steal!" — that is all that can be said. It is nothing short of highway robbery for a big strong man to work the usual confidence game on a susceptible little creature like Celeste when he ought to understand his own failings well enough to know that he is incapable of living up to all the terms of the contract. Now there is a child in the case — and the mother takes it, of course — and not a cent of alimony. That's usually the way. The man gets rid of all the encumbrances, the woman assumes them and does the work of two. And I never knew one to fail

to perform her part, for again the appeal is to a woman's heart — the tenderest and truest thing in the world! This time it is to a mother's heart — the most self-sacrificing! Organized society owes such women support. And yet it will permit her to work her finger-ends off. And she always does so, and raises and educates a new citizen of the Republic.

If the new citizen is a man, he is capable of being a soldier. If a woman, she is capable of being the mother of soldiers. This is why society has an obligation in the matter.

I believe in taxing bachelors for the support of women raising fatherless children.

John says that this would be class legislation. Well, that's why I believe in it.

A bachelor is about as useful as the half of a pair of shears.

Madge lived with us all the time we were at the Belmont and for three months after we had moved into our new house. Then she left us to begin housekeeping herself. The wedding was in our front parlor. Dear Madge! I was sorry to see her go, and I couldn't help crying. I always cry at a wedding. Everything seems so solemn. And too often it proves to be the first

solemn event of a long series of solemn occurrences. I greatly fear this has been so in Madge's case. She, of course, would never say a word, but after three years her face doesn't wear the right expression.

Three years will always tell. The first year is no criterion at all. You can't form any sort of an opinion. The second year is debatable, but the third always settles the matter. I never pretend to form a final judgment before the third year. Then the expression becomes an index to the kind of marriage a woman has made. I can always tell. I cautioned Madge many times. But I fear my caution was useless.

In one of our conversations on the subject I told Madge how she might avoid many of the mistakes that most women make. We were seated on the piazza, both of us with our sewing. Madge had just indulged in an expression which indicated to me that she was too confiding for her own permanent happiness.

"Madge," I said, "you must make a perfect study of the animal, man. Watch him and observe him. You will find that with most men — there are exceptions, of course — their springs of action are, for the most part, selfish. The to-

bacco and liquor bills of the country are evidence enough of this without introducing various domestic details of the manner in which his lordship thinks he must be indulged and humored and his comfort administered to. It is generally the woman who must make all the sacrifices and practices all the self-denials, and these are accepted by the man as if they were part of a woman's nature and no more than is to be expected of her.

"True, it is part of woman's nature to sacrifice herself on the family altar; or, by long practice it has become so, but, contrary to what men suppose, the sacrifices do not come without effort. This is one of the vital facts of existence that men do not comprehend. There is a prevailing notion on their part that it is just as easy for a woman to practice self-dênial as it is for a man to smoke a cigar.

"This is the fundamental error entertained by men in their false conception of woman's nature. All others have their source in this one.

"There are two periods in men's lives when they fail to understand woman — before marriage, and after.

"It is a saying old and trite that in entering upon the estate of matrimony there must, on the

part of the man and the woman, be mutual concessions. But the concession must be reciprocal. There can be no permanent happiness — that's equivalent to saying success — in married life if the woman concedes one inch more than she ought to. It's better for her to gain an inch, and hold it. The man will never know it. That is, he will be conscious that the line is slightly out of plumb, but he won't know what makes it so if the woman understands her business.

"A man can be easily cajoled if the woman is only clever. But she must n't make any mistake. A single one is fatal.

"There are many ways to cajole a man. It is best to do so by love, but if that isn't potent enough a man's only salvation is for him to be afraid of his wife.

"It is easy to tell what kind of a wife a man has by the way in which he acts when away from home. When a man boasts to his acquaintances that he is having his own way in his own house it is fair evidence that his wife has him pretty well trained."

CHAPTER XXXII

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND WOMAN?"

It was some days before I again had occasion to say anything to Madge on the subject that formed the burden of our conversation on the piazza that evening. At the luncheon table — Madge and I were alone — I noticed that she was thoughtful, almost moody. I knew that something had happened to set her to thinking more seriously than usual. As soon as I touched upon the subject she at once showed an interest which indicated either that she desired to hear more or else that she was anxious to have her thoughts diverted from some less agreeable channel. In either event I was perfectly willing to give her the benefit of my observations and reflections.

In reply to her first comment I said:

"Why, Madge, you are falling into the error that so many women do. You are going on the supposition that woman's only mission is to marry. There are thousands of married women

who could tell you better than that. But they learn the lesson too late. They learn it after they have discovered that the only way for a woman to become thoroughly acquainted with a man is to marry him. There is a great deal of discussion of late about having laws to prevent people of certain classes from marrying, those who have fits and other physical ailments and defects. But to my way of thinking this is beginning at the wrong end. I would have a tribunal of women to sit in judgment on men in order to determine their capabilities for making a wife happy. Before receiving license to marry I would compel each man to fill out one of those inquisitorial question-blanks so popular just now. I would require them to answer such questions as — 'Do you thoroughly understand woman?' If they couldn't answer this first question in the affirmative there would be no use asking any more.

"As I say, Madge, it is not absolutely necessary that every woman should marry. Why not be a bachelor girl? No woman should marry who cannot manage a man and make good coffee. It goes a long ways — the coffee, I mean. When an animal growls over its food it is because it is well satisfied, but when a man does so

— look out! Peace has departed from that household.

"Women too often look upon marriage as a fatality. They think they can do nothing without a husband and when they get one they find they can do nothing with him.

"A girl — I say girl, because to grown women the admonition is not necessary — a girl should never marry a man in order to reform him. It is a species of emotional insanity. The courts should appoint guardians for those who show symptoms of the disease. It is useless sacrifice.

"A man who has no regard for his mother, or for her memory, cannot be reformed by a wife. There are some fabrics which, when once soiled, can never again be made white and clean. They come from the laundry a dirty yellow. It is so with men who need reforming. It is waste of time for a woman to pray for a wash-yellow husband.

"But, if marriage is to become a woman's portion she will come through the troublous seas of matrimony in good condition if she never permits herself to lose her influence over the man. A man may be easily influenced by a woman if she has a thorough understanding of him. Women should get such understanding far more

readily than men. A man arrives at his conclusions by processes of reason, which are often faulty, while woman reaches hers by an intuition as unerring as the sense which always tells her where the pin is that is sticking the baby.

"In order to gain influence over a man many methods and various arts should be used. Use cajolery, delicate and gentle. If rightly administered it will always succeed, for when flattery fails if its purpose it is the fault of the flatterer.

"But in trying to influence a man, don't cry! Men dislike to see a woman weep unless she can weep gracefully, and there are few women who can do so. There are times when a woman can express more in a few tears than a man can in a great big book. But the effort should be made only upon rare occasions. A woman should be as chary of her tears as she is of her diamonds. And above all, don't snivel!

"The home is woman's. But she should keep it a home. She should make it pleasant and attractive, and she herself should be the most pleasant and attractive thing in it. And next to her, the man. Then each should show the other every considerate attention. Under such conditions married life may be heavenly bliss.

"The great obstacle to perfect union is that

courtship is always a great big game of bluff. This is the only rule I know of without a single exception. Courtship is full of false pretensions. Each party makes a business of deceiving the other. After marriage the mask is thrown off. Now, if people would only act their natural selves before marriage — well, there wouldn't be so many marriages!

"If there were fewer selfish men and fewer thoughtless women many crooked lines would be straight. Man, being the stronger, it is incumbent upon him to take the initiative and make the stronger pull. But this he will not do. As I have said, men have the advantage of strength, but strength is not everything. You remember the fable of the mouse and the lion. Cleverness will do a great deal, and cleverness is woman's. It is a wand with which she may work much magic. It is wrong openly to oppose a man. He is strong and it gives him an advantage. There is a method of leading men to think they are having their own way while you are having yours. It only requires tact. Tact is another name for cleverness. Men are greatly lacking in tact, while women tingle with it to the very ends of their fingers. Some men know this,

but not many of them. The few who do know it so enjoy possession of the secret that they will never tell. And the others wouldn't understand them if they did.

"There is one subject concerning which men obstinately refuse to receive information from one of their kind, and that is, woman. It is because each man thinks he knows it all. This is their fatal mistake. I think that in another six thousand years man and woman may become tolerably well acquainted, the one with the other. It is strange! The two have lived together in most intimate relation ever since the coming together of the first pair and yet there is just as much chance for misapprehension and consequent downfall as there was in the first instance. It is customary to send missionaries, especially trained, among savage tribes to induce them to accept a new and strange religion. The missionaries do not throw the gospel at the heathen. They begin by studying the peculiarities and characteristics of the candidates for gospel truth. They prepare the way by so doing. They then try to get a conception of their view-point of life. They try to place themselves en rapport with them. They appeal to the sympathetic part of

their natures. They assault their hearts. They assure them that the gospel they bring is a gospel of love. And so it proves to be until the white trader comes along and cheats them out of their eye-teeth and their elephant-tusks.

"But who ever heard of men sending trained missionaries among women, to study their peculiarities and characteristics, to get a conception of their viewpoint, to get en rapport with them, and to carry to them the gospel of love?

"It never occurs to men to enter upon such mission as this. No; when a man has nothing else to do he spends his time in trying to figure out a way to reform women. If men would spend as much time in trying to understand woman as they do in trying to reform her the divorce courts would have no cases.

"It is true that individual men sometimes enter upon such enterprise, but it is generally more of a crusade than it is a mission. And the individual has had no special training for the profession. Moreover, the object of the one man is not sufficiently unselfish and altruistic. He pursues his course only for the purpose of winning the confidence of the one woman, in order that she may devote her life and talents to his future care and

comfort. The man makes the assault directly upon the most vulnerable, and therefore the tenderest part of woman's nature, her heart. Having broken in upon this citadel he pays little attention to the rest of the fortress. But after having taught her his gospel of love, like the white trader the man now wants all the ivory.

"A man of this class — a very large class — has no other estimate of woman's sphere than that she is a creature whose highest function it is to sew on buttons. Why don't the men tailors put the buttons on so that they won't come off? That is what I should like to know.

"No woman should hesitate to sew on a button for a man, but while doing so she should gently impress upon his mind the fact that reciprocal favors — flowers, for instance, or carrying the baby — will always be appreciated, and that there are certain interests in life of a character higher than button-sewing in which she would very much enjoy taking part."

Luncheon being over my sermon was brought to a close. Madge began on the doxology and would have sung it all through had I not stepped behind her chair and put my hand over her mouth.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I AM CONTENT

It was a month later, and near Madge's wedding day, that she again referred to the subject of my discourse at the luncheon table. We were up in the front room where I was helping her in putting the finishing touches to some of the articles of her trousseau.

"O, Madge," said I, "I don't believe you want to hear any more from me on that well-worn topic. I believe you are only doing this to tease me and quietly enjoy yourself at the expense of my loquacity. Now, isn't it so, dear?" I asked, as in reaching to her lap for the scissors I gently tapped her on the arm.

"O, well," said I, on receiving her reply, "if you really mean it I don't mind telling you what is on my mind. I have long wanted to unburden myself on the subject and you are the first one to offer yourself as a sacrifice. But really I have little more to add to what I have already said. Your happiness in the new life upon which you

are about to enter may be assured, just as mine is. But you must not forget anything I have told you. All is important.

"If I were to lay stress upon one single point more than another it would be that in managing a man you must never let him know that he is being managed. That is the true secret of success. And never, never nag a man. Nagging is terrible! It is a crime.

"The world will never become perfect until man understands woman and does her justice. Socially, the only perfection is a perfect union between man and woman. There are many projects to reform the world. The latest is Mr. Sheldon's. He would bring about the great reformation by a union of the churches. But that is not going deep enough. It must be done by a union of the family. This is the fountain head of all social reform. Professor Sumner says that only ten marriages in a hundred result in the attainment of the ideal. In commenting on this Jenkin Lloyd Jones remarks that such a ratio in the realization of the ideal is a very fair percentage. In glancing over the affairs of the world I am convinced that he has come very near the truth.

"But, as applied to marriage, the truth is deplorable, for all that. Think of it! Only one perfectly happy marriage in ten! That shows where the reformation of the world must begin. Women have a mighty task before them in reforming so many men. It has taken them six thousand years to bring one in ten up to the proper standard. According to this it will take nine times as long to complete the reformation. Well, let us be patient.

"But, Madge, what I am most anxious about," said I as I arose from my work and going to her replaced a lock that had escaped from the abundant mass of her hair, "what I am most anxious about," I repeated, "is that you should keep out of the ninety class."

"A short voyage by water."

Instead of looking at me and smiling Madge bent more closely over the work in her lap and sighed, but did not speak a word. I failed to take in the possible significance of her act at the moment but I am now convinced that deep in her

heart there were already misgivings. Pride, however, kept her from faltering. A woman should never do this. Even at the altar she should pause.

But it is useless to expect it. There are many

"With daisies
in his hands."

things regarding which people will not exercise reason, and the chief of these is love. Its lessons must be learned by experience. The trouble is that the first lesson usually lasts a lifetime and the opportunity to profit by it never comes — in this world.

It is now June.

Early next month we shall start again on our annual summer camping trip, which we have not once failed to take in all these years. In the rear of our lot is a barn and there at this moment is Bronco, dear old fellow, now somewhat sobered by age but still as serviceable as ever, if slightly slower. There, too, is the wagon, the same old wagon, but so changed by gradual additions, alterations and improvements that only in its main features does it resemble the original ark in which we made our first voyage.

"Little sister."

Two alternate years we varied our itinerary by going to northern Michigan. By taking everything aboard the boat, at the foot of Rush street, a short voyage by water of a day or two lands us at some point from which we can readily penetrate into the wilds of the Wolverine State. In this way we have explored much new country and each time returned with the usual store of health and vigor.

This year it is Wisconsin's turn again. But instead of three, there will be four of us to go. That young man to be seen out on the lawn is the baby of five years ago, now a boy of seven in cap and sweater and knickerbockers. Last winter I had made a splendid picture of him with daisies in his hands. He was my baby in the old days, and is my boy now, while this little cherub sleeping in the crib at my side in laces, frills and ribbons is "little sister" who came seven months ago but is not too young to go upon her first trip into the woods there to make the acquaintance of birds and trees and flowers.

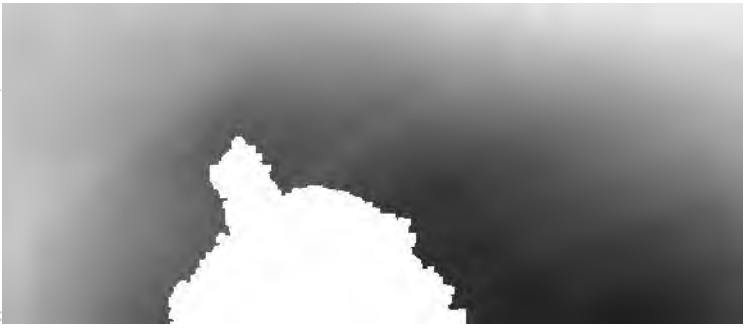
Life holds nothing more for me. I am content. My home is my empire. My reign is one of bliss.

Now, as baby opens its eyes and holds up its little arms to be taken I press it to my bosom and my soul in ecstasy goes out to its little being as I feel the clasp of its tiny fingers on my breast my warm life flowing between its parted lips. O, I feel so sorry for the mothers who do not nurse their babes, and so sorry for the women who have no babe to nurse!

I hear John's step on the piazza. He is coming. All these years he has been perfectly strong

and well and it makes me glad to think that I had something to do in bringing him back to health.

But then, any woman can have her own way — if she only knows how!



Haschisch

By Ch. Gatchell

(THOROLD KING)

BOSTON.

The action of the story is rapid and the interest well sustained.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"HASCHISCH" is a sensational story in which the drug plays a marvelous part.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"HASCHISCH" is one of the "Called Back" school of fiction and is one of more than ordinary interest.—*Boston Traveler.*

The story is admirably planned and well told, with great naturalness of manner, close attention to details, circumstantial and effective descriptions and a by-play of love and romance which relieves the dark colors of so tragic a theme. We give "HASCHISCH" praise.—*Literary World, Boston.*

A cleverly constructed story and brimful of excitement. It is excellently written, and from the very outset the attention of the reader is seized by the incidents related and from that moment his interest in the work is never permitted to flag. It is treated in a thoroughly artistic way and with great dramatic effect.—*Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.*

For Sale by Booksellers, or sent by Mail, Post-Paid, on Receipt of Price by the Publishers.

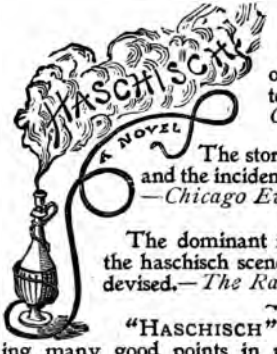
ERA PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

Haschisch

By Ch. Gatchell

(THOROLD KING)



CHICAGO.

It has the merit of holding one's interest to the end.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The story is an exciting one and the incidents highly dramatic.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

The dominant idea is clever and the haschisch scene most ingeniously devised.—*The Rambler.*

"HASCHISCH" is a novel possessing many good points in plot, dialogue and narrative.—*Chicago Herald.*

The reader will find the book absorbingly interesting. The story goes right forward and is told so directly and ingeniously and in such good English as to be quite captivating.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"HASCHISCH" is quite fluently and skillfully written. The management of the part of the story involving the haschisch experiment is very ingenious, holding the reader's interest chained to the last.—*Chicago Times.*

The writer seems to have studied the Gaboriau and Hugh Conway types of novel to some purpose, although he has avoided the over-complexity of the one and the impossible element of the other.—*The Dial.*

For Sale by Booksellers, or sent by Mail, Post-Paid, on Receipt of Price by the Publishers.

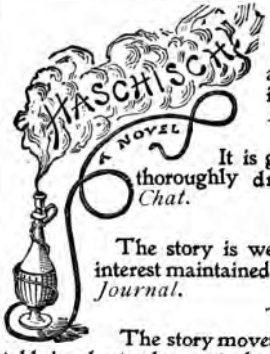
ERA PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

Haschisch

By Ch. Gatchell

(THOROLD KING)



NEW YORK.

"HASCHISCH" is a very readable and interesting story.—*New York Herald*

It is graphic, strong, and thoroughly dramatic.—*Book Chat.*

The story is well written and the interest maintained to the end.—*Home Journal.*

The story moves briskly and is well told in short, clean-cut chapters.—*New York Independent.*

"HASCHISCH" is a novel of more than ordinary interest. The author knows how to construct a good plot, to carry it skillfully to its final unravelment, and to hold the reader's attention throughout.—*New York Sun.*

The sensational situations are effective; the detective business is managed with due care for curious details, and the interest of the plot is heightened by tender relations among several of the numerous characters. The story, in short, is a good specimen of the novel of incident and mystery.—*New York Tribune.*

For Sale by Booksellers, or sent by Mail, Post-Paid, on Receipt of Price by the Publishers.

ERA PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

Haschisch

By Ch. Gatchell

(THOROLD KING)

PARIS.

It is a powerfully written romance, both as regards the situations and the *dramatis personæ*. The former are of thrilling interest.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ST. LOUIS.

"HASCHISCH" is an ingenious dramatic story, full of exciting incidents and interesting personages.—*St. Louis Republican.*

CINCINNATI.

The author makes good use of his materials, the plot moves briskly, and the book has a highly dramatic interest.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

NEW ORLEANS.

Ce roman ést ecrit dans un style pur et brillant, et l'intrigue en est bién liee; les situations dramatiques en font un ouvrage qui sera lu avec un vif intérêt.—*Le Franco-Louisianais.*

PHILADELPHIA.

MR. THOROLD KING, by this clever production, steps into the front ranks of contemporary American writers of light fiction.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

For Sale by Booksellers, or sent by Mail, Post-Paid, on Receipt of Price by the Publishers.

ERA PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

By Ch. Gatchell
(THOROLD KING)

A Book of Apothegms and Aphorisms, Epigrams and Witticisms

Fifteen Hundred Bons Mots

One Hundred and Fifty Original Illustrations

One Hundred and Thirty-Seven Pages

Cover Design in Four Colors

PRICE, $1.00

ERA
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
CHICAGO

THEY SAY

A
BALL PLAYER'S CAREER

BEING THE

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES

OF

ADRIAN C. ANSON

LATE MANAGER AND CAPTAIN OF THE CHICAGO BASE BALL CLUB

Twenty-Six Full-Page Illustrations
350 Pages

CLOTH, $1.00

ERA PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO